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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. XVI, No. 191 DECEMBER, 1936 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

The Dictator (Baritone)

A New Poem by E. J. Pratt

The Case For Western Secession

By J. V. PARKER

British Foreign Policy

By SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

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Man Without Work - - - - - - - P. W. Thompson
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CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

The Canadian As Artist—A New Saint Joan—Will There Be Peace? —The Empire of Wall Street—Unhappy Empress—The Gay Nineties Theatre and Life—Those Who Never Die—More Furies—Murder

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Publishers

The Canadian Forum Limited
28 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada

Subscriptions: One Year, $2; Six Months, $1

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JOSEPH McCULLEY, B.A.

THE
CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XVI. Toronto, Ontario, December, 1936, Vol. 191

Rule Britannia at Geneva

THE thesis that in the present state of the world there are only two practical choices for Canadian foreign policy—either to stick to our own continent or to fall in, as of old, behind Great Britain—was never more beautifully illustrated than in a recent article in the Winnipeg Free Press by Professor L. W. Moffitt, of Wesley College. It is an article which appears to have aroused some discussion in Winnipeg. He begins by dividing Canadians who are thinking at all about foreign policy in two groups—"isolationists and advocates of collective security". Rejecting isolation he plumps for collective security. But a League policy for Canada should not be one in which she plays a lone hand at Geneva. She can make her best contribution by working for a united policy within the British Commonwealth group at Geneva. The weight of the British Commonwealth could make the collective system a success. This is undoubtedly the line of argument that will be used to get us into the next war involving Britain. Whatever our doubts about the British Foreign Office, we may confidently trust them to have manoeuvred so as to make it a League war when it comes. But it is a little disturbing to find a university professor presenting the argument with such naive credulity at this early stage in the propaganda campaign.

Toward the Abyss

THE European arms race, in terms of men, money and materials, has now reached proportions never before attempted, or indeed practicable, in the recorded history of the world. Geneva may have failed, but even some of its most scornful enemies begin to shiver at the alternative. All the world's a stage, but in Europe they're putting out the lights, and it's getting too dark and confused to catch more than snatches of the colossal dialogue —The effect of incendiary bombs on large cities is now being experimentally tested on Madrid—In the House of Lords the first hint has been dropped of universal conscription coming, a precedent in the history of England—Carl von Ossietsky, German pacifist, who denounced German rearmament, has been released from concentration camp to die of T.B.; the Nobel Committee may want to give him the peace prize; Nazi government says it does not mind as he is no longer a threat to the regime—Fascist powers have formed a middle European block to fight the Reds—The Pope in Rome and Cardinal Hayes in New York want us to fight the Reds too—Business is booming in England, armaments and allied industries being the cause; new employees from the universities are required to sign a pledge that they will consent to manufacture armaments under all circumstances—"We are looking now to our defences, but I am conscious all the time of the folly of all of us"—Mr. Baldwin at the Guildhall in London, singing the swan song of European sanity.

Canada's Peace Programme

OUR public men continue to deluge us with oratory on the subject of Canada's peaceful mission within the Empire. When they have all finished it's the stock market that does the real talking. Here is what it says: New highs were reached by a group of armament stocks in the course of this month (November). The steady and slow appreciation of war stocks has been going on for over a year, but in the last two months the pace has quickened rapidly. Since the first of September huge gains have been registered, prominent among the leaders being Canadian Vickers, from $3.50 to $14; Canada Car and Foundry from $8 to $17; National Steel Car from $14 to $38; Dominion Steel and Coal from $5.25 to $9.88; International Nickel from $54 to $65; Massey Harris from $4.25 to $8. Thus it will be seen that a capital profit of one hundred percent has been made by most of these shares in two and a half months. Speculators are already cashing in on the unspilt blood of the next world war.

The Profits of War

THESE cold figures raise an issue of immense public importance which no daily newspaper and no Canadian public man except the leader of the C.C.F. has yet had the courage to discuss. The British Government has launched on a programme of rearmament. But it has at least sought to limit domestic armament profits through some sort of control and auditing, and it has always of course had its own system of licensing exports to other countries. It is impossible under capitalism to keep all the profits out of war, but we now face a situation in which Canadian industry is being invited to participate in this armament racket without a hint of supervision or control of any sort from the Canadian Government—no licensing of exports, no limitation of profits. Indeed the isolationist sentiment of Ottawa at the moment is playing straight into the war-makers' hands, for it is compelling Mr. King and Co. to avert pious eyes from a racket which, for the benefit of Quebec and prairie voters, they have to pretend is not there. In the meantime, Canadian industry and Canadian workers acquire a huge vested interest in making munitions. If war comes in Europe, and the huge profits of the business are uncontrolled, Canadian industry will have every motive for joining in to guarantee and increase the rate of profit and employment. Thus it is that in times of peace we allow ourselves to drift into policies which carry us towards war.

The Next Four Years

THE recent American elections were not the first in U.S. history to be fought on lines of class interest, but they were the first to be fought on lines corresponding roughly to the Marxian analysis. All over America the prosperous and the poor battled each other at the polls. That is why the Literary Digest ballot, restricted to voters with a car or telephone, proved so grotesquely misleading. It also explains the portent of a President achieving an electoral college landslide with eighty-five percent of the daily press against him—in itself the most cheering single thing we find to notice in the election. Apparently democracy is not always completely dumb. The election of Governor Landon would have meant not only the repudiation of the few important things that Roosevelt has done but the rejection of the far broader program that he professed to be trying to carry through. The Republicans would have felt their policy of blind negation to be justified by success. The Democrats while protesting in public that the New Deal had been sabotaged before it was given a fair trial would have been able quietly to bury their pretensions at reform and to slip back into the laissez-faire attitude which is the real creed of a considerable section of the party. It now remains to be seen whether and for how long the enormous Democratic majority in the house can hold together. If all the die-hards in America would consent to get together under one banner, it would clarify things a lot. New Deal policy has hitherto been linked with the personaality of the President; but presidents are mortal. It is time it was linked with a party.

Provincial Rights

WHILE America proceeds to build up social security legislation on the foundations laid by the New Deal, a committee of elderly English gentlemen has been sitting in London listening to the arguments of a few Canadian lawyers. The problem of the constitutionality of the Bennett social security laws has now reached the judicial committee of the privy council, whither it has been referred on appeal by the present Canadian Government. The laws as they were drafted were an incomplete experiment; the issue of their validity is still in doubt. Whatever answer is given will decide a good deal of future Canadian political history, though we doubt whether more than a small minority of Canadians are yet aware of the fact. We would like to cite some remarks of Lord Atkin made in the course of the hearing: it was a serious limitation of government power in these days, he said, to hold it was unable to introduce an effective scheme of government unemployment insurance. Exactly so, but public opinion has been slow to recognize it. If our unemployed wander from province to province, if our youth remain without any vocational guidance, and if the financing of relief remains both wasteful and yet inadequate, the main reason has been that we have allowed our vaunted constitution to arrest the task of organizing a national social security scheme such as was organized in European countries fifty years ago, or such as the United States have just endorsed by a huge majority.

Our Poor Taxpayers

THE textile industry is no doubt regretting it did not contribute more generously (if at all) to the campaign funds of the liberal party. As the Textile Commission continues its course the usual sordid tale of low wages, high profits, price agreements and inflated values is unfolded. When the financial structure of Canadian Cottons, however, came before the commission, the investigation began to uncover scandals of a more legal variety. The undisclosed reserve of 40 to 70 percent against the inventories of Canadian Cottons, besides costing the company over half a million in back income taxes for undisclosed

profits arising from this undervaluation of inventories, raises several nice points, such as the responsibility of directors and auditors to both the shareholders and investing public. There is also the very serious charge of circulating a false balance sheet, which may arise out of this investigation. We have a notion however that nothing will be done about it. It is a crime under our present form of society for an unemployed man to conceal earnings of $5 a week, but the amount of money involved in the case of Canadian Cottons makes their evasion quite respectable.

The Relief Problem

THE National Employment Commission continues to add advisory groups to itself, the latest being the women's advisory committee. It includes one competent and experienced social worker—The chairman of the commission wants to be kept in touch with immediate situations, and plans to tour the West to find out what they are. There is a mass of information now in the hands of competent bodies, but he prefers the personal touch, so he has bought an aeroplane—The commission have still to show any signs of the good sense possessed by the Radio Corporation. They have not taken even the initial step of building up a competent administrative staff which could tackle the task of federal co-ordination. Canadians who need social aid remain at the mercy of a bewildering variety of services with varying standards, while those still fortunate enough to pay taxes pay the extra costs of overlapping—All the single homeless men who can are completing their trek to the milder airs of British Columbia for the winter. Those who cannot, continue as a source of irritation to the local municipalities, in spite of the obvious uselessness of trying to deal locally with a problem that crosses provincial boundaries—The Premier of Ontario has tried to do his bit by donating two hundred bags of onions from his own farm to Toronto private welfare agencies—He has also however done something more sensible by suggesting that various welfare and labour measures be co-ordinated in a federally administered scheme under which the provinces and municipalities will surrender much local control. The country is waiting for such a lead. Will Mr. King have the courage to follow it?

Veterans and Fascism

IF a certain group who appear to be in control of it have their way the Canadian Corps Association, formed two years ago, is headed towards some sinister developments. A reunion in the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, of 1,500 veterans who were connected by radio hookup with 100,000 more across the country, according to the Mail of November 18, cheered wildly when summoned to form themselves into a compact unit for the development of an economic policy, the furtherance of national and imperial defence, and the overthrow of "Communism and other allied movements". In carrying out these purposes, they were told, they would be "fulfilling the destiny which was laid out for us in 1914". The orator of the occasion was a Captain W. W. Parry, who is otherwise unknown to fame. Most noteworthy about this movement is the vague programme of economic reform which it professes to have up its sleeve. Most of these military men are suffering from the unpleasant sense that post-war civil life has not afforded them any such position of importance as they enjoyed in the army: and some are ready to follow the example of their late enemies in the German army. Local units of the American Legion have, of course, frequently joined in "anti-red" violence in many parts of the United States. But perhaps we should not take this Toronto speech-making too seriously as yet. On the same day that this report appeared in the Mail there was a little item in the police-court news of the Star: "Beret and all, G—— B——, an old soldier, still thought it a lovely war, when he appeared in an early court on a drunk charge. Obviously still drunk, B—— told the court he was at a reunion last night."

Book Fair

CANADA'S first Book Fair has come and gone, shedding a blaze of reflected glory on its promoters, the Association of Canadian Bookmen. The attendance exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the organizing committee. It is estimated that nearly fifteen thousand people visited the Fair in the six days of its duration. Curiosity may have counted for something. So did the lectures delivered throughout the week; such names as Carl van Doren and John Gunther helped to draw the crowds. But it is doubtless true that a genuine interest in books accounted for a large proportion of the attendance. Such success will clearly make a yearly repetition of the affair very likely; the publishers may be relied on to look after that and we hope they will. The union thus consummated between culture and commercial motives does not seem to us deplorable. If the publishers as a result can manage to sell more books in Canada they will have performed a public service. We recommend especially to their attention the leader writers of our daily newspapers.

Ourselves

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to our new type spacing which we hope makes our pages more attractive, and to the eight extra pages which feature this Christmas number. Those who are seeking suggestions for Christmas presents are invited to read the notice of The Forum's special Christmas subscription offer on the back page. Also we announce on page 11 particulars of the Short Story Contest for which The Forum is offering a prize of $50.00.

Sam McBride

THEY gave him a proper funeral. The City of Toronto looked after that. A service in City Hall is a local sort of affair, a bit drab. But it was right next to the corridors on which he had spent a good part of his life. It wasn't a Rosedale sort of funeral; a few mounties at the head, and the civic employees' band, and the firemen. They wore white gloves and looked a bit sheepish. Nothing particularly grandiose or emotional. Why should there be? Sam was no spell-binder, no high faluting idealist. His method when he had an idea was to punch you on the nose with it. But he often had good ideas.

People drifted out of stores to shiver in the chill wind and raise a hat if they had one; then they went back to work. The band played him up through Queen's Park. Onward Christian Soldiers was the favourite tune, and they played it briskly. It might have been the voice of Sam himself, marching as to war in a civic election, roaring out the refrain on the hustings of Riverdale. When they got tired of that, they played Abide With Me, also briskly, and why not? Sam was dead, but he had been no sentimentalist. They played him up to Avenue Road; then they gave up and piled into a red fire department truck and went home; it was all rather petit-bourgeois, the sort of way Toronto does things, but it was homey.

Sam McBride was a symbol of something. Toronto had to give him a civic funeral, for he himself was Toronto, with its virtues and limitations. He was efficient, he knew his job. We have a notion that no civic politician has ever known as much about the T.T.C., the Waterworks, the Fire Department, as did Sam. He knew what Toronto did with its sewage, and how a budget should be drafted. He knew what was going on. And he liked a fight. He had the impetuous temper of a single-minded man. He fought the Evening Telegram to a finish and enjoyed it; we suspect that it won him lots of votes. Did the editor of the Telegram, as he drove in the funeral cortege, muse on human mortality? probably not. The enemy was dead now, but what profits a dead enemy?

He was also a man narrow and intolerant, rarely guilty of philosophy. His oratory and his grammar would displease our cultured readers. Such few ideas as lived in his head, outside of the range of civic politics, were nurtured in the reign of Queen Victoria, with whom he shared a horror of bathing suits suitable for bathing in. He rather overdid the battle of the bathing suits this summer. The city wasn't with him altogether; it wanted to sunbathe on civic beaches and it took that to mean sunbathe; even Toronto the Good was on the march and he couldn't quite catch up with it. Well, he was getting old. But anyway, he stopped them building that fool airport on Toronto Island; and went to Ottawa himself at his own expense to lobby against it. He lived on the island in summers, of course. That's where all Toronto mayors should live. There ought to be a civic bylaw compelling mayors and controllers to live on Toronto Island in summer. Then they would notice where Toronto's children, common folk's children that is, go to play. Then they'd take some pride in the place, and look after it. Superior persons with fake estates on Simcoe or Muskoka are unsafe guardians of Toronto.

The symbol has passed the gates of Mount Pleasant; with it the old Toronto is slowly passing too; no longer so Tory—witness the last federal elections, which revealed not only liberals but quite a lot of reds lurking in the suburbs—no longer quite as Good either, what with its beer parlours and bathing beaches. The place will one day grow up. Will it become like Montreal, a city without a civic sense, a breeding ground for fascism, a city without a soul? Sam, the public servant, knew Toronto's soul, he was so like it himself. He was a crusted Tory; but he had the sense to want to super tax the rich to pay for relief in Toronto: it was the Queen's Park Tories that called it Bolshevism. He hadn't much culture; a university would have laughed at him—it did, a few years ago, when he made one of his least successful speeches at Hart House. But he was a man of the people.

And he knew his job—a rare virtue in elected politicians.

Bene meruit de civibus Torontonensibus. Requiescat in pace.

—D. Eve

Dictator (Baritone)

He ascended the rostrum after the fashion of the
Caesars:
His arm, a baton raised, oblique,
Answering the salute of the thunder,
Imposed a silence on the Square.
For three hours
A wind-theme swept his laryngeal reeds,
Pounded on the diaphragm of a microphone,
Entered, veered, ran round a coil,
Emerged, to storm the passes of the ether,
Until, impinging on a hundred million ear-drums,
It grew into the fugue of Europe.

Nickel, copper and steel rang their quotations to
the skies,
And down through the diatonic scale
The mark halooed the franc,
The franc bayed the lira,
With the three in full flight from the pound.
And while the diapasons were pulled
On the Marseillaise,
The Giovinezza
And the Deutschlandlied,
A perfect stretto was performed
As the Dead March boomed its way
Through God Save The King
And the Star Spangled Banner.

Then the codetta of the clerics
(Chanting a ritual over the crosses of gold
tossed into the crucibles to back the billion credit)
Was answered by
The clang of the North Sea against the bows
of the destroyers,
The ripple of surf on the periscopes,
The grunt of the Mediterranean shouldering Gib-
raltar,
And the hum of the bombing squadrons
in formation under Orion.

And the final section issued from the dials,
WHEN—
Opposed by contrapuntal blasts
From the Federated Polyphonic Leagues
Of Gynecologists,
Morticians,
And the Linen Manufacturers—
The great Baritone,
Soaring through the notes of the hymeneal register,
Called the brides and the grooms to the altar,
To be sent forth by the Recessional Bells
To replenish the earth,
And in due season to produce
Magnificent crops of grass on the battlefields.

E. J. PRATT.

Quebec Fascists Show Their Hand

LAST month we noted in these columns the drift away from democracy in Quebec. On October 23rd the three Spanish Government delegates arrived in Montreal, and the extent to which that drift has gone was at once made startlingly apparent to the whole of Canada. For the better part of a day bands of young French fascists and nationalists dominated the city, intimidating the authorities and citizens. The trouble began as soon as the Roman Catholic authorities published their denunciation of Father Sarasola, one of the delegates, in the morning press. Students from the University of Montreal at once marched to the City Hall and demanded the banning of the public meeting arranged for that evening in the arena. Pro-Mayor McKenna announced, amid cheers, that the meeting would be banned. The students and other "patriotic" French-Canadian youth groups then prepared to show their strength. A number gathered outside the McGill Union in the afternoon, where the delegates were speaking to the Social Problems Club, but the McGill students were on hand, and at the first show of opposition the French youngsters retired. Meanwhile the organizers of the arena meeting had rented Victoria Hall, situated in and owned by the separate municipality of Westmount. Late in the afternoon the Westmount authorities intimated that they would be unable to provide adequate police protection and were therefore cancelling the permission to use Victoria Hall. But by evening the rumour of a Westmount meeting had gone round, and that highly respectable English suburb had the experience of witnessing an organized invasion of some three or four hundred French-Canadians, who created a minor riot in its midst. Before this, however, friends of the Spanish delegates had arranged for a small private meeting in the Mount Royal Hotel at 8.30 o'clock. Invitations went out by telephone after 6 o'clock. At about 9.15 the manager of the hotel informed one of the audience that the police had just telephoned that three hundred University of Montreal students were on their way to break up the meeting; he therefore proposed to turn out the lights at 9.30. About 100 people were turned out of a peaceful assembly on an upper floor of the hotel.

In different parts of the town that evening hundreds of demonstrators were parading the streets shouting, "A bas les communistes. A bas les apostats," and then bursting into "O Canada." They smashed windows in Jewish stores, assaulted one McGill professor, and hurled imprecations at the offices of the Montreal Star and Montreal Herald. Every one of these parading bands was unlawful under a city by-law prohibiting unauthorized parades; every one was undoubtedly an unlawful assembly and a riot under the Criminal Code. Yet they were not dispersed until late into the evening by the Montreal police. Only four arrests were made, and the charges were withdrawn the following day. Yet the authorities, when they banned the arena meeting, had not hesitated to exercise a purely arbitrary power, for no power exists by which any magistrate or civic official in Montreal may prohibit a meeting in advance. Even the famous David law requiring approval of certain circulars calling public meetings does not render the meeting itself illegal if the approval is not obtained, but merely subjects the offender to a special fine.

This mass attack on civil liberties was bad enough. It showed the real temper of the nationalist youth movements in Quebec and also of the ecclesiastical authorities who have these groups under full control. But the significant feature of the whole incident was the almost universal tolerance, in many cases the open approval, of the action taken by the students, police and city officials.

Mr. Duplessis himself, premier and attorney-general, the minister responsible for the enforcement of the criminal law, is reported in Le Canada of October 26 (report of speeches at the feast of Christ the King in Quebec City) as follows: "Le procureur général félicite ensuite hautement les étudiants de l'Université de Montréal pour leur contre-manifestation de vendredi soir dans les rues de la métropole, le soir de l'assemblée organisée en faveur du gouvernement espagnol.

"Je veux dire ici combien de fierté j'ai éprouvée lorsque j'ai appris que les étudiants avaient empêché les communistes de parler à Montréal. Ces étudiants, fiers des principes de leurs aieux qui ont fait l'épopée du Canada, ont posé là un acte bien consolant!"

Principal Morgan of McGill made a fine statement in support of his students' right to hold meetings, and the president of People's Forum spoke in similar vein. But theirs were solitary voices; French-Canadian liberalism is too utterly crushed at the moment to venture into the open on such an occasion. The only hint of criticism of the police came from Le Devoir, which suggested that they ought not to have impeded in any way the young men who were fighting for law and order! There was not a word of editorial comment in the Star or the Gazette.

Two days later Archbishop Gauthier of Montreal,

addressing 100,000 French Catholics, accused the Spanish Government of crimes which the delegates would have repudiated utterly. The police had no difficulty in protecting this meeting.

Undoubtedly the somewhat dubious ecclesiastical position of Father Sarasola confused the issue of civil liberties in the minds of many Catholics, and was used as a smoke screen to hide the illegal behaviour of the fascists—exactly as is the case in Spain. But apostasy, even if it existed in this case, is not criminal. What happened in Montreal was that Father Sarasola was treated exactly as though he were an "outlaw" in some primitive society—a person put beyond the pale of social intercourse or protection, to attack whom is no crime. This kind of "law" is the basis of every fascist dictatorship. And this spirit in Quebec is mounting fast. Already Jews, Free Masons, Communists and Socialists are "outlaws" in the minds of these fascist youths. The next in line for this distinction are Protestants, liberals, democrats and the English generally. Before this nationalist movement is spent all Canadians may have to make up their minds whether they really believe in democracy enough to be ready to fight for it. If the issue is forced, we believe the lines of cleavage will not be racial so much as economic. We do not think that the democratic idea is dead amongst French workers and farmers. Nor would we rely upon any defence for civil liberty from St. James Street, although Mr. Aberhart is making financiers see some virtue in freedom of the press and the right of access to the law courts.

The incident was not without its elements of irony. The Province of Quebec is now preparing for the celebration of the centenary of the Papineau Rebellion—"L'origine de nos Libertes Civiles"—as the Montreal memorial to the rebels proudly announces. Would Papineau, alive today, consider his fight for democracy successful? How neat also was the comment of the Spanish delegation upon news that their meeting had been banned:— "It has not the slightest intention of questioning or even discussing this decision, for it has no right to do so. Such a decision deserves on the part of the delegation the same respect which we wish to see extended in Spain to the decisions of our legitimate authorities." But the supreme touch was the statement issued from the Archbishop's Palace in Ottawa about Father Sarasola, giving as the first of the reasons why he should be denounced "the precise direction given to the priest by Canon Law, not to take sides during political conflicts or civil war (Canon 141)". To which Father Sarasola very properly replied that the priests who supported the rebels were taking sides—he was merely supporting the legitimate government. It is interesting to contrast this "precise direction" with Cardinal Villeneuve's pastoral letter on Clergy and Politics, issued in January, 1936, where he defends the priests' right to discuss political matters. He asks, "Are Protestant pastors molested because they expound their political and social views from the pulpit? Neither the legislators nor the interpreters of civil law appear willing to look at the electoral right in this light. In any event, let us add that in these cases the personal opinion of priests and clerics may be legitimately discussed, relying with honesty and sincerity on serious arguments." Father Sarasola's crime consisted in his having taken the opposite side to the Quebec hierarchy.

DEATH ON THE RANCHERIE

At noon they buried her. The day was fair,
The sun fell warm, the flowers were bright, and the minister
Read grateful words, heard in a graceful calm. There was no sinister
Or strong emotion shown. Girls' and women's dresses spread a flare
Of lively colour, stayed with the Amerind's placid air.
Her team at the fence would stamp, toss heads and whinny, stare
Now and then at the stillness. A frequent finny stir
In the stream spoke of the spawning salmon there.

But when the moon arose and silvered were the mists,
From the small house whence they had brought her
Came the heartrending rhythm of drum, of beating fists
On breasts, of feet on floor, of moans, mourning a daughter.
A message borne on a moonbeam . . . a book at a noontide's height . . .
Lord, which is known to Thy dwelling— pagan or proselyte?

EMILY LEAVENS.

The Case for Western Secession

J. V. PARKER

DURING the last session of Parliament a great deal was heard in Ottawa of the generosity and unselsh altruism of Eastern Canada as evidenced by the constant provision of Dominion funds for the relief of the Western Provinces. The average Eastern Member seemed to expect that the representatives of Western constituencis would display their gratitude for this benevolence by immediate acquiescence in the financial policies favoured by Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto.

No such gratitude was displayed. The thick-skinned Westerners disrupted the plans for a Loan Council and demanded their relief quotas as a right and not as a favour. This greatly angered the financial authorities of the East and resulted in both direct and indirect threats of a refusal to supply further the monetary necessities of a region that had for years "sponged" on the Dominion and lacked even the grace of gratitude. At least one large corporation kept an agent constantly on the job throughout the session in an effort to work up feeling against the West and thus frighten the Prairie and B.C. Members into acquiescence in Eastern financial policies. Instead of having its expected effect these activities caused a reaction that sent cold shivers through the sensitive veins of Cabinet Ministers and led even St. James Street to hesitate.

This effect was produced by the fact that more than one Western Member and more than one Western editor showed a surprising willingness to take the Eastern plaitiffs at their word and say: "Very well, if you find the assistance that the Federal Government has given the West in these days of distress too great a burden we are perfectly willing to arrange to take over the exclusive control of our own destinies." This was no idle theat. Indeed there is good reason to believe that Mr. King, who, whatever his shortcomings, has a surer instinct for the popular mind than any other politician in recent Canadian history, was exceedingly worried. And well he might be, for the idea of an independent Dominion of the West becomes more attractive the more it is studied. A few enthusiastic propagandists, using the weapons so readily at hand, could set the Prairies and the mountains afire with a speed and thoroughness that would astound the average resident of the Eastern Provinces.

What arguments would such enthusiasts employ? The following paragraphs will set them forth in their barest and most summary form.

Independence would give the West a real opportunity to organize its political life in consonance with its political ideals. Western Canada is obviously more advanced in its political thinking than the East, but any real measure of political, social and economic reform is prevented by the impossibility of making such reforms effective on a provincial scale. Effective reform demands national action. And what chance is there of achieving the Co-operative Commonwealth, or the Socialistic State (or, if you like, the Social Credit Elysium) so long as the Dominion is controlled by the Orange Tories of Ontario, by the dead weight of the Church-controlled conservatism of Quebec, or by the sleeping pedagogues and partizan-by-birth inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces? Whether the West is right in wanting Co-operation or Socialism, or Social Credit, is not the point. The fact is that the West cannot do what it wishes to do because its problems must be treated nationally and the East controls the nation.

—J. Olsen

There can be little doubt that French-speaking Canada is on the verge of giving birth to a thoroughgoing Fascist movement — with nationalist and Roman Catholic overtones. This will, of course, result in an opposition movement of a similar character in Ontario. With such a prospect every day growing more imminent (and added to it the mess that will develop in Ontario and Quebec when

Britain enters the next war) who would not wish to be free from such a union?

No one who has ever lived in both sections of Canada can fail to see the appeal that independence would make to Western minds when viewed from the social angle. It is true that the West is not a homogeneous unit, but at least the majority of the people are very much alike in their fundamental social views. Secession would rid them of the greatest of all Canadian problems — Quebec. It would free them from Toronto and all that that word implies of narrow parochialism, of political reaction, of censorship, of every worst feature of British and American society. It would make possible in the future a unity of spirit and ease of co-operation that Canada as at present organized can never even hope to attain.

Neither political nor social arguments will be effective if the economic welfare of the West depends upon the preservation of the existing Dominion. But the economic argument for independence is the strongest of all—strange as this may sound to the ears of those who have been obsessed by the idea of Eastern "generosity" to the West during the years of the depression. If the four Western Provinces were to organize themselves as a Free-Trade or Low-Tariff Federation they would at once raise their standard of living to a very appreciable extent. The West lives on its great export commodities, grain and flour, lumber, meat, butter, fish, minerals. These goods are all sold in world markets at the world price. Tariff protection (and Canada has one of the highest tariffs in the world) is almost completely valueless to the West. Under a free trade or a tariff-for-revenue economy the Western producer would get exactly as much for his goods as he gets today—and his cost of living would be reduced by something like 25%. Instead of having to buy in one of the most expensive markets in the world he would buy in the cheapest. Instead of paying $1.50 for a Montreal shirt, he would get one that is as good or better from Japan or Great Britain for 50 cents. Instead of paying $22.00 for a bicycle he would pay $6.00, and so on through almost the whole list of his common needs. The four Western Provinces of Canada pay in the neighborhood of twenty-five million dollars a year each for the privilege of belonging to the same national group as Sir Herbert Holt—and most of it goes into the pockets of either Sir Herbert himself or of someone else equally detestable. The fundamental fact is that after secession the people of the West would sell just as many goods, for just as much money, as if they were still in the Dominion, while they would buy what they need for very much less.

It is difficult to see any argument against independence—from the Western standpoint. It would of course, be hard on the nucleus of enlightened, progressive and intelligent people that is still to be found among the miasmic intellectual, political and social swamps of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes. Most of these, however, would probably be able to raise the money to move to Winnipeg, Edmonton or Vancouver, there to add their contributions to the building up of a free, united and economically sane Dominion of the West.

The Canadian Forum
Short Story Contest

The Canadian Forum offers a prize of $50.00 in cash for the best short story submitted by March 15th, 1937. The following rules must be observed:

1 Stories must not exceed 2,000 words in length.

2 Stories may deal with any period or locale, but those with a contemporary Canadian setting will be given preference, other things being equal.

3 Manuscripts must be typed (double spaced) on one side only of the paper. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed in a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the title of the story only. Return postage must be enclosed.

4 Stories must reach the "Story Contest Editor, The Canadian Forum, 28 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada", on or before March 15th, 1937.

5 The Editor may publish in The Canadian Forum any story submitted, without remuneration. Those considered unsuitable for this purpose will be returned within one month of the date on which the award is announced.

6 Members of the Editorial Board and Staff of The Canadian Forum will not be eligible for this contest.

The names of the judges will be announced in the January issue of The Canadian Forum.

The name of the prize-winning author will be announced in the May issue of The Canadian Forum.

British Foreign Policy

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

IT is of the utmost importance that people in the Dominion of Canada should have a true appreciation of the Foreign Policy which is being followed by the British National Government, so that when an appeal is made to them to support that government in the next war they may be able to judge what action they should take. It is not enough to examine the speeches that are made either in London or at Geneva, for these are largely wordy camouflage to conceal the realities of action that lie in the background.

The National Government is essentially conservative in its constitution and outlook. The small sections of liberal opinion—under the titles of National Liberal and National Labour—that have been incorporated into the conservative bulk do no more than give a slight surface colouration of progressiveness to an otherwise wholly reactionary mass. The traditional approach of conservatism to foreign politics remains the same today as it was before the war of 1914-18, though the terms in which the policy is stated differ. Now—as then—they believe that the greatest safety for British Imperialism can be attained by an even matching of the remaining European powers in groups. If the balance of power on the continent can be achieved then Great Britain can remain the arbiter. There is, however, this difference since 1918 that some powers are regarded as inherently dangerous while others are considered to be safe. Russia is no longer a safe power since any growth in her strength or influence might lead to a stronger working-class movement throughout Europe and so endanger the stability of British capitalism and imperialism. Popular Front governments are also suspect, though to a lesser degree, for the same reason. The safest governments from the aspect of the maintenance of capitalism are undoubtedly those of Germany and Italy, for they have made it impossible for the working class to gain power without a revolution.

More and more it is this aspect of foreign policy that is coming to control the Conservative Party's view of international relations. There are probably many conservative politicians who would deny this fact, but an analysis of their actions during the last five years will show conclusively that, whatever their professions, they have been governed in the ultimate result by their consciousness of the struggle between capitalism and socialism in the international sphere. They have even been prepared to sacrifice imperial interests to the class interests which to them have proved more compelling. The differences which have arisen in the conservative ranks upon questions of foreign policy have arisen because some of them fail to realize the intimate connection between imperialism abroad and capitalism at home.

We can examine these broad propositions in the light of the four most important international events which have occurred while the National Government has been in power.

These are, the Japanese attack on Manchuria and China; the treatment of Hitler in Germany; the Italo-Abyssinian conflict; and the civil war in Spain. I choose these four events because they were all cases in which some definite action had to be taken by which we can test the underlying motives of the National Government.

From an imperialist point of view there is no doubt that the growth of Japanese power in the east constitutes a real threat to Hong Kong, Singapore and eventually Australia, as well as to British trade in China. When Japan made her unprovoked aggression upon Manchuria it is quite clear from Mr. Stimson's disclosures in his recent book that the British Government was not prepared to take any decisive action so long as the freedom of British trade was not interfered with. When Japan was universally condemned as the aggressor, it was the British Foreign Secretary who stood up for Japan at Geneva. No steps were taken to stop the inroad of Japan into China, because it was considered that the alternative to Japanese occupation would very likely be the spread of the Russian influence through Mongolia into China proper. Of the two alternatives Japanese capitalism was certainly preferable to the British Government, in spite of the admitted danger therefrom to her interests in the East. It is only upon this basis that it is possible to explain the part played by our National Government. They were prepared to risk imperialist interests to a rival imperialism rather than risk the growth of communism which would, of course, ultimately mean the complete elimination of imperialism.

When Hitler first came to power in Germany he was undoubtedly welcomed by our capitalist class. The growing danger of communism in Germany was checked, and they felt a sense of relief at the greater security they thus gained. It was for this reason that they were prepared to give him, in those early years, all that they had refused to a democratic Germany. Relief from debt payments, commercial credits, naval agreements and a sympa-

—Pegi Nicol

MERRY CHRISTMAS

thetic ear were all showered upon the dictator, and little attention was paid to the methods by which he attained to power. Quite obviously they were engaged upon the building up of a new rival imperialism, the very thing their predecessors had slaughtered millions of men to destroy, but even this was preferable in their view to the growth of socialism or communism in Germany. Now that Hitler has become not merely the suppressor of socialists but also the rival imperialist they are in two minds as to how he should be treated. Some regard him as a menace to British imperialism, such as Mr. Churchill and his followers, others as the bulwark against Bolshevism, such as Lord Londonderry, while the Government cannot make up their minds at the moment as to whether he is a danger or a safety-device!

The case of Abyssinia is just as clear. The conquest of Abyssinia by Italy was regarded as a definite menace to British power in North Africa, especially if no partition of the territory could be obtained along the lines of the post-war treaties. It was therefore quite a satisfactory thing that—up to a point—some pressure should be put upon Italy to prevent her, if possible, going too far. The Hoare-Laval agreement would have been quite a good compromise along these lines, and it was worth while supporting sanctions to obtain such a result. This line of action had the great additional attraction that it enabled a profession to be made of the support of collective security just at the moment when a peace-minded people were going to the polls in England!

The Government therefore were able in the most fulsome manner to pledge themselves to the support of the League of Nations and collective security, both of which they had already practically destroyed by their behaviour in the case of Japan and Germany.

But as in the other cases there was an overriding consideration which compelled them to limit their activities in this direction. However desirable it was to curb Mussolini in North Africa, it was essential to maintain capitalism in Italy. The task of defeating Mussolini in his Abyssinian adventure was a risk they could not face, not because of Mussolini's strength but because of his weakness. If Mussolini had failed in his conquest, it was inevitable that there would be a rising in Italy, and in all probability fascism would have been overthrown by some form of working-class government. When this danger became apparent, the British Government resigned itself to the conquest of Abyssinia by Italy and withdrew from any further attempt to minimize the effect of that victory upon their imperial interests.

We were told in the House of Commons that the British Government were not prepared to risk a man or a ship to save Abyssinia, and therefore, of course, to save the covenant of the League of Nations or collective security.

There was, however, a time in the early autumn of 1935 when the Italian temper seemed to have reached the stage of possibly risking an attack on the British Imperial possessions themselves. This was a completely different matter to merely endangering the covenant or breaking treaties, and to meet this possibility the entire British navy was mobilized in the Mediterranean, and shiploads of war stores of all kinds were sent to Alexandria. The British people were not allowed to know of this adventure until afterwards, since it would hardly have been consistent with the professions that were then forming the bases of the National Government's election propaganda. The last example is that of the Spanish civil war. By the time this article is published, it may be that that war will be over, or it may be that the gallant workers of Spain will still be fighting with undreamt-of heroism to defend —not only their liberty but the liberty of the working class throughout the world.

From an Imperialist point of view, there is no doubt that a fascist Spain in alliance with a fascist Portugal, Italy and Germany would be the greatest menace to the communications of the British Empire. Our precarious hold upon the Mediterranean would soon be lost if Great Britain were then to come into conflict with the fascist international. Indeed, the added danger to France with the possibility of a reactionary revolution in France might well mean that the Mediterranean would become a closed sea to Great Britain. In these circumstances we should have expected that even a National Government in Great Britain would have assisted a friendly Spanish democratic Government to maintain itself in power. This would have been to overlook the economic basis of the Spanish struggle. In Spain today the class struggle has come right into the forefront of international politics, and the real issue is whether socialism or fascism is to rule in Spain. In these circumstances the National Government has no doubt that, whatever the imperialist risks, it prefers capitalism in Spain to socialism. In the result behind the self-righteous pretence of neutrality, or non-intervention as it has been cleverly christened, it watches arms and munitions pouring into the rebels while it joins in placing an embargo upon the democratic government. The capitalists of Great Britain are delighted and rub their hands in joy at the defeat of "the reds."

There is no other explanation possible of British Foreign Policy than that given above, and it must

lead eventually—if the National Government remains in power—to an alignment with the fascist powers because otherwise the Empire will be too gravely endangered. In each case imperial safety has been risked to prevent the spread of socialism and communism, and those accumulated risks are now all points of strength and power in the hands of fascist governments, which are more and more working together. When they put the screw on British Imperialism, it will have to join in with them or risk annihilation. The only possible alternative is an alliance with Russia and France, but such an alliance would be most unstable owing to the different political conceptions of the partners and would become impossible if France also were to turn fascist. In the international class struggle, however little it may suit the traditional conservative policy of the balance of power, a capitalist government in Great Britain will be forced to take the side of fascism against socialism.

Man Without Work

P. W. THOMPSON

HE awoke to pain. With returning consciousness came surging back the mental torment that had become a part of his waking life. The brief release of sleep was over, and he lay regarding the shabby little bed-room, horrible with the depressing grayness of dawn. Before going to sleep the night before he had been conscious of a vague wish that he might never wake up again. What a perfect solution to everything that would have been. And now this—the whole thing over again. The day loomed before him, big with terror, and a sense of impotence and futility engulfed him like a giant wave. Why couldn't it all have ended last night? To wake up only to go through it all again — it seemed so silly he almost laughed.

Abruptly the stream of his clarifying thoughts swung into the channel of practical matters. He remembered the job he had planned to see about the first thing that morning. His landlord in the flat below had told him of a factory that was taking on men. Here at least was a chance he mustn't miss. He'd have to be there early, as there'd be pretty sure to be a big gang after it. He decided he wouldn't wake his wife or bother about breakfast. Gathering his energy he thrust himself into the unpleasant chilliness of the room and pulled on his clothes, and in five minutes was out in the street.

Two miles of fast walking through streets alive with hurrying workers brought him to the plant of the International Tractor Company. The huddle of huge buildings, behind a barricade of high steel fence, looked sullen and repelling in the grayish atmosphere of early morning. In the yard outside a low building labelled Employment Office a good-sized crowd of men stood waiting. He passed through a gate and joined them. In the crowd were men of all ages. Fresh-faced youngsters in their teens, heavy-jawed men of middle age, and men whose faces, movements and clothes reflected the hopelessness and defeat that comes with advanced age. Some of these men had once had good jobs, comfortable homes, money to spend. About a few of them lingering traces of their past prosperity still clung. All, he reflected as he stood watching them, must have begun life with a certain amount of hope and ambition. And here they were, huddled together waiting a chance to ask permission to be allowed to work in order to drag out their drab existence. Their "glorious adventure" had come to this. Yet these men would keep on insanely clinging to life that yielded them little but distress of body and spirit. They would tramp streets endlessly in a search for the chance to earn a few wretched dollars. They would blunder through their cramped, squalid lives, growing more shabby and futile as each year passed. And then, as he stood there, it suddenly came to him that their fate was his own. What possible chance had he of avoiding it. A few more years and he would be as hopeless as the worst of these men beside him.

Depression overwhelmed him. This mass of unhappy humanity seemed to generate a gloom that filled the atmosphere like dense smoke. He felt he must get away. A thin-faced individual standing next to him tried to start a conversation, which stopped almost as soon as it began. The crowd was growing restless as the minutes dragged along. Suddenly there was a stir beside the door of the office. An official, a well-fed, round-faced chap in a smart blue suit had made his appearance.

"Nothing today, boys!" he said briskly, and vanished into the office. Disappointment swept the crowd. But the tension of waiting was over. The mass moved towards the gate, and out into the street.

Once clear of the yard his depression left him. He walked quickly, rejoicing in a momentary sense of freedom. The first ordeal of the day was over. He had made the plunge. He braced himself for the day's round of job-hunting.

Mid-afternoon found him on a bench in a large

park. His enthusiasm had gone. He was tired, his boots hurt, and the emptiness of his stomach made him feel faintly sick. He had visited nearly a dozen places, and at every one of them had been told the same thing. They needed no help. At one or two places they had eyed him doubtfully and asked him his age. This was bad. He was nearly forty, and that was a bit old to hire men. Then it was a long time since he had had a regular job, which made it harder to get one. And all the time he was getting older. His mind wandered back over the last four years. It seemed that he had never known any other life than the half-starved misery of joblessness, the horrible indignity of city relief. Sharply he recalled the day he had applied at the relief office, and the awful visits from brusque, prying inspectors. What agony it had been for his poor sensitive wife, what a fearful contrast to the life she had looked forward to when they were married! That was what hurt worst of all. At first they had thought it would be only for a month or two. Now it had become their life, as it had for thousands of other families. An existence in which petty privations and annoyances swarmed like flies, a squalid ordeal that seemed as though it would last forever. This, then, was life, that supreme gift for which people were told they should be thankful. A gigantic trick had been played upon himself and millions of others.

This day was one among hundreds exactly like it. Often he had sat in this park after his dreary quests for work. He surveyed the people occupying the neighboring benches. Most of them were men, ill-clad and tired-looking. Some of the older ones were battered, grotesque misfits. They were always there in the park, it seemed. There was no other place for them. Society had no use for them, no use for him. Terror cut him like a lash. He got up and walked from the park. The streets swarmed with afternoon traffic. He watched the stream of huge, sleek motors gliding smoothly along with their loads of well-groomed people. They were comfortable, these people, they had plenty to eat, they were free from all worry about money and jobs. They lived in another world than the cramped and dingy one in which he and his kind fought their losing battle with life. And it would always be so. People talked of changing the system, but it never changed. Little groups of workers tried to rouse the masses to action without a scrap of success. This thing they called the system nurtured the arrogance of a handful of humans and condemned the rest to torment. The obscene horror of it sickened him.

He became aware that he was on the viaduct that he often crossed on his tramps in search of work. The vast concrete structure spanned a large valley, through which a dirty stream wound sluggishly. He stopped and rested his arms on top of the rough protecting wall, and stood contemplating the scene below. Directly beneath him was a road, on which two brown objects were moving jerkily. They proved to be horses with their riders. He followed their movements for a few seconds and then fixed his gaze on the road's surface. For several long minutes he leaned there staring downward, without thought or emotion. And then it came to him, quite clearly and simply, that the solution to everything lay there, below him. Just scramble over the wall and jump. Ten seconds would do it. He wondered what it felt like when you hit the hard road. But it couldn't last long. After the shock there'd be nothing but blackness and peace. Just like falling asleep, only there'd be no waking up again, ever. No more cursed worry about a job or relief or anything. And his wife would be just as well off without him. It all seemed so simple. He wondered why he hadn't done it long before.

He'd have to be sure nobody was near to pull him back. He looked around him. A man passed, and another was coming towards him. Quite calmly, without nervousness or impatience, he waited for him to pass. Now everything was all right. Nobody within a hundred yards. He braced himself for the spring over the wall. A few more seconds and the whole thing would be over. But that awful drop! As he looked down he felt in anticipation the sickening sensation of falling. For a full minute of horror he hung staring. And then he drew back and walked away.

Relief came to him, as with the passing of a crisis. Life, that he had hated, stood revealed as something precious, something to be clung to and fought for. It seemed as though the years behind him, with all their bleak hopelessness, had been cut clean away from his life. He saw his suffering and that of his kind, the domination of the poverty-ridden masses by the power-sated few, the maddening apathy of the victims, all the stress and weariness and despair that surrounded him, as an essential phase of a vast cosmic process. It would pass. Even as he walked, people here and there throughout the world were busy working to bring about a change. Soon the results of the efforts and those who had worked and fought and sacrificed before them would begin to show. He stood upon the threshold of a new and glorious world. Triumph surged within him as he walked home through the twilit streets.

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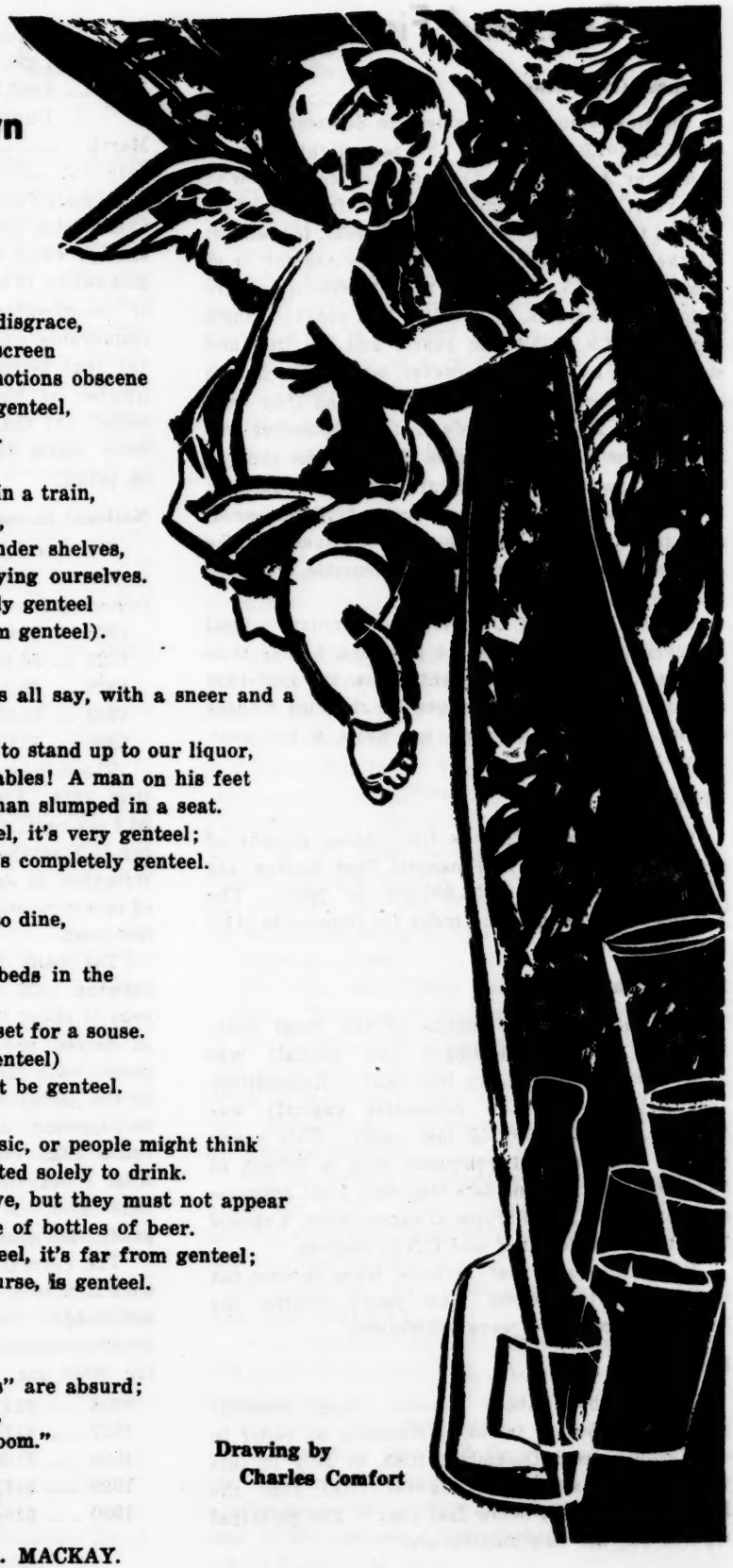
Frankie Went Down To The Corner



Ontario's such a respectable place;
Drinking's no crime, but it's still a disgrace,
So hide us away behind curtain and screen
While we stealthily go through the motions obscene
In a manner genteel, correctly genteel,
Secret and stuffy, but always genteel.

Let us drink upon land, as we smoke in a train,
In places as airy and light as a drain,
Let us scuttle for cover, like bugs under shelves,
Lest people should think we're enjoying ourselves.
Oh no, we're genteel, we're grimly genteel
(To be seen drinking gaily is far from genteel).

Though our neighbours all say, with a sneer and a snicker,
We're not man enough to stand up to our liquor,
Three cheers for the tables! A man on his feet
Can carry much less than slumped in a seat.
Besides, it's genteel, it's very genteel;
Beer served at a table's completely genteel.

But of course, if a restaurant ask us to dine,
It's immoral to order a bottle of wine
—But wait—are there six standard beds in the house?
Then away with dull care! We're all set for a souse.
For then it's genteel (beds make it genteel)
Though drunk and dyspeptic, we must be genteel.

And we can't allow music, or people might think
Our pleasure's not limited solely to drink.
So musicians may starve, but they must not appear
In the sinister presence of bottles of beer.
For that isn't genteel, it's far from genteel;
But radio music, of course, is genteel.

"Bar" is a nasty, a horrible word.
"Taprooms" and "taverns" and "pubs" are absurd;
Give us a name with a resonant boom,
A respectable name like "Beverage Room."
Shabby genteel, shabby genteel,
Ontario's bound to be shabby genteel.

Drawing by
Charles Comfort

L. A. MACKAY.

Facts and Figures

Business Conditions

Physical volume of business in September stood at 115.3 (101.9 last year). This is a slight improvement over August (113.2) in marked contrast with last year, when the index dropped from 107.9 in August to 101.9 in September. This year, too, almost all the separate indices show improvement over September, 1935. The only notable exceptions are cotton yarn imports, 92.6 (112.7 last year); shingle exports, 111.9 (135.4 last year), and the iron and steel group. In this last, however, most of the figures are much closer to last year's level than they were in August. Motor car production in September was again below last year, because of the earlier change-over to new models. General Motors of Canada, according to the Financial Post of November 7, expects a 22.5 per cent. gain in business in the coming season: 20 per cent. in domestic trade, 30 per cent. in foreign.

At the middle of October, the cumulative total for carloadings was about 4 per cent. higher than last year, but still 30 per cent. below the 1926-1930 average. Railway net revenues for the nine months ending September 30 were not quite 3 per cent. above 1935.

Dividends

Gross dividends for the first eleven months of the year, according to Financial Post figures, are about $182,800,000 ($155,800,500 in 1935). The Nesbitt-Thomson dividend index for October is 111.3 (98.2 last year).

Public Finance

For the first six months of the fiscal year, Dominion revenue (ordinary and special) was $233,839,838 ($199,091,148 last year). Expenditure (ordinary, special and non-active capital) was $229,178,237 ($231,690,955 last year). This year's surplus of $4,661,601 compares with a deficit of $32,599,807 at the same date last year, a net improvement of $37,261,408. Figures of expenditure, it should be noted, include relief and C.N.R. deficits.

Indications are that revenue from income tax will reach $100,000,000. Last year's returns, the highest yet recorded, were $82,000,000.

Relief

The October Labour Gazette (Pages 886-890) publishes elaborate tables of numbers on relief in each month from December, 1935, to July of this year. March shows the highest total, July the lowest (6 per cent. below last year). The principal figures for the two months are:

	Total	Farmers & deps.	Unemp. & deps.	Employable unem. & deps.
March ..	1,398,410	376,239	1,022,171	957,228
July	1,063,546	298,141	765,405	724,284

	Unemployable & deps.	Employable unemp.
March	64,943	356,181
July	50,121	273,912

No more figures will appear until the Employment Commission publishes the results of its September survey, which will be the beginning of a new series. Meanwhile it is worth noting: (1) That the figure of "employable unemployed" is not the total of employable unemployed but only those on relief; (2) that between March and July a considerable number of single unemployed men were cut off relief; (3) that in the height of the summer there were nearly 300,000 farmers and their dependents on relief.

National Income

The Royal Bank's latest letter estimates national income at $4,656,000,000. This compares with the following for the previous ten years:

1926	$5,600,000,000	1931	$4,114,000,000
1927	$6,101,000,000	1932	$3,367,000,000
1928	$6,342,000,000	1933	$3,340,000,000
1929	$6,072,000,000	1934	$3,838,000,000
1930	$5,093,000,000	1935	$4,086,000,000

The estimate for 1936 is about 16 per cent. higher than 1935. Almost all items show gains: Forestry 26.4 per cent., mining 19, agriculture 16, manufacturing 10.7, service 13.9, fishing 9.5, trapping 1.8. Construction, in spite of the more favourable showing of recent months, is expected to be 5 per cent. below last year.

The bank makes interesting comparisons also between 1926 and 1936. Total money income this year is about 83 per cent. of 1926. In the interval, of course, population has risen 19 per cent., but prices have fallen 22 per cent. Hence comparison of the money totals is less misleading than might be supposed. Agriculture is still about $600,000,000 below 1926, construction only about two-fifths of what it was then. Manufacturing is about at the 1926 level. Mining is about 50 per cent., power production about 100 per cent. above 1926.

The current Canada Year Book points out that such figures of national income as those given above are subject to a deduction for net interest and dividend payments to external investors. Its figures for these are:

1926	$214,000,000	1931	$181,000,000
1927	$171,000,000	1932	$192,000,000
1928	$166,000,000	1933	$192,000,000
1929	$171,000,000	1934	$195,000,000
1930	$184,000,000	1935	$219,000,000

—E.A.F.

Good Work

J. N. HERAPATH

THE most ordinary scene imaginable. A shabby office with chairs, a long table and on it an inkstand or two, some battered pens and a still more battered Bible used exclusively for administering oaths. Four men sitting around the table, one busy taking down the proceedings in shorthand while a spruce young lawyer conducted an examination—one of those forms of procedure which, baffling as they may seem to the lay mind, are apparently an integral part of our great tradition of justice—the other two, the victim under legal dissection and his solicitor. People as ordinary as the room? Perhaps.

"This is your chance, Elton," the young lawyer had been told by his chief. "We've got to win this case. But I don't want it to go to trial, if we can manage to stop it."

To which Elton had replied, making a very happy suggestion.

It was a peculiar case. The plaintiffs were seeking to assert the right to hold their meetings in public, usually on side streets where as a matter of fact they did not impede traffic. And the local authorities had determined that, whoever did hold meetings on the streets, these people should not. No public statement, of course: merely a quiet intimation to the police to act.

"You are secretary of the Hilton Rationalist Society and one of the plaintiffs in this action, Mr. Day?" Elton asked.

"Yes."

Elton gazed at the man on the other side of the table.He had expected to find some angular, humorless individual whose mere appearance would suggest a crank fiercely obsessed by one idea. But —"Why, he looks quite fatherly!" Elton thought.

The stenographer glanced up. The pause must have been marked. Elton pulled himself together. This was no way to start a vitally important examination.

Fatherly or not, the man was an atheist. That damaging fact should be clearly established. Elton wished he had looked up the—the Apostles' Creed, wasn't it?—before he came in.

"Your society is formed for propaganda, I understand?"

"Education I should call it."

"Well, education by means of propaganda?"

"Yes."

"You do not believe in—er—a Supreme Being, that is, I mean you don't believe in God?"

"That depends on what you mean by God."

Elton felt his grip slipping. True, he was on the register of a well-known church and belonged to a fraternal order which demanded belief in a Supreme Being as a condition of entry. That was quite all right. You just professed belief and then passed easily to the next item on the agenda. Was this man trying to turn the tables and examine him? Better stop that at once.

"Please answer my question."

Day smiled and Elton noticed the puckered, whimsical crowsfeet round his eyes. The smile passed and Day answered gravely:

"I may not believe in God—the accepted Christian conception, I mean, but that doesn't mean that I don't believe in goodness or truth, or things like that."

"I'm getting nowhere," Elton thought, "and the Chief will read this examination with a microscope. He'll give me hell!"

Elton took another look at Day. He found himself liking this man. The face with its deep lines was somehow attractive; not at all handsome, and yet attractive. The picture of Alderman Garnett, with his red fleshy cheeks and assertive manner, flashed through Elton's mind—the alderman stood for so much, law and order, decency, religion and an impressive share of this world's goods.

Back to business.

The man might have some loose notions about morality, Bertrand Russell and that sort of stuff. If they could get the case before old Judge Rainer and bring out this fact, the judge wouldn't listen much to Mr. Day! Good headlines for the papers, too. Make the authorities appear as the champions of common decency.

"Do you believe in marriage as part of the social order, Mr. Day?" Elton spoke in the casual, suave tone he always assumed when asking a question he knew he had no right to ask.

"I ought to. I've been married fifteen years, with four children."

"The old——!" thought Elton, most unjustly. But really it was irritating. All the best leads were going astray.

He had no time then to think of Dorothy with her round, dimpling face and figure neatly set off by the restaurant uniform. His mind merely caught a glimpse of her nestling up to him in the front seat of the car when they turned off the highway into a lonely side road.

With a vague, pervasive feeling of discomfort, Elton fumbled with the papers in his file, a confidential report from the police, statements of witnesses, a summary in his own neat hand of the points to be covered in the examination.

Two meetings on the street had been broken up forcibly by the police. On the theory that the police has acted unjustifiably, this action had been brought. It was Elton's duty to ascertain all the facts so that he would be fully prepared when the case went to trial, if it ever did. Nothing, no detail that might help him, or which the other side could use, must be missed. Methodically he settled down to question.

He noticed with satisfaction a slight haziness in Day's answers. "You meant the Thursday meeting? I'm sorry. I was thinking of the Friday. It was Thursday the constable pulled me off the stand, and on Friday they marched me off to the station and said they'd lock me up."

"I'm taking Thursday first because that was the first meeting. Please confine yourself to Thursday." Elton couldn't help speaking irritably. This man was going to become hopelessly entangled when the chief cross-examined him in open court. Yes, but he'd be so obviously, cursedly honest at the same time!

As an after thought Elton asked:

"Did you have anything to drink before either of these meetings?"

"No, I gave up alcohol years ago when I first became interested in the Society."

Elton was curious. Day didn't look what he would have termed "a morbid old Pharisee"—not at all. He turned to the stenographer, "Don't take this down," then to Day:

"This isn't part of the examination; don't answer if you don't want to. But I'd like to know. Why did you give up drinking? I suppose you liked it like the rest of us?"

"I didn't give it up. The wish for it left me."

Elton would have received a shock if he had seen his own face in the glass at that moment; it was a picture of ingenuous surprise—most unprofessional. Day smiled, then explained:

"You see, I became really interested in the Society. It takes up all my evenings. We do a lot more besides holding meetings."

"What?" Elton cast a sidelong glance at the stenographer who instantly started taking down again.

"We help people. There are quite a number who can't get help anywhere else and some of them need it, I can tell you. We go all over the city."

"That must be hard work!" And inwardly, "What a life!" Elton thought. "My God, what a life! Dreary places, hard luck stories!" He looked across the table at this man of strange beliefs, strange tastes—or was alien the right word? For an instant he had a sensation as if the table were an infinite expanse and countless miles intervened between them.

"Strike this last bit off the record," he said abruptly to the stenographer. "Start taking down now."

Almost stealthily he approached the real point of the examination. If he could only show that these people were not financially responsible, he would be able to obtain an order against them requiring a deposit to cover the court costs in case their action failed. If they could not find the money the action would automatically stand dismissed. No trial, no publicity. Like a stone dropped into a pond, their tiny effort would sink and be lost beneath the placid surface of established things.

"Have you any business besides being secretary of this society?"

"Yes. The Society pays me nothing."

"Really? I should have thought they would. Why don't they?"

"They haven't the money."

This was fine. Too vague though. He must get figures if possible.

"Tell me first about yourself, Mr. Day. What is your occupation?"

"I work in a printer's office."

"How much do they pay you?"

"Eighteen dollars a week."

"Do you keep your wife and all four children on that?"

"I try to."

"Have you any other means of livelihood?"

"None."

"And the Society, what are its revenues?"

"Well, we take up a collection at our meetings, but now that we have to stay indoors we have to pay for the hall and the lighting. And we sell our literature with a few cents' profit."

"How much would an average meeting bring you?"

"After expenses?"

"Yes."

"Oh, maybe three dollars, or two. Never more than three."

"And the literature?"

"Fifty cents at most."

"Do you keep the Society's accounts?"

"Yes, I'm accountant, too."

"How much money, cash or in the bank or securities, has the Society now?"

"Well, let's think. Twelve—yes, twelve dollars

and some cents, I think, in the bank. No cash on hand—no, I'm wrong; there's forty cents, I think."

"And what securities, accounts owing or other assets?"

"A few books or pamphlets. About ten dollars' worth if we sell them all; that would be about three dollars' profit. That's all; nothing else."

"Thank you, Mr. Day. That will do." Elton strove to keep a note of triumph out of his voice He closed his folder.

"Send a copy of the examination to our office, would you?" he asked the stenographer. In a lower tone: "Do your best to get it for us to-morrow."

The man nodded, smiling. They were valuable clients.

Everything went beautifully. Five days later the deposit for costs was ordered; not being made, the action stood dismissed. Execution for costs incurred to date was issued against Day and put in the Sheriff's hands.

"Good work, Elton," his chief said. "We couldn't have people like that on the streets."

Women, Are They Human?

GWETHALYN GRAHAM

ON the evidence of the past six years of depression in Canada, and to a certain extent in the United States, it would appear that the position of women has begun to slip back and that women in general during that time have lost a good many of the advantages which took more than a hundred years to obtain. Partly because of the urgency of other issues considered more vital, partly because what has been happening to the women of Germany and Italy is so much more obvious that similar conditions in our own country seem negligible by comparison, the retrogressive movement has got under way here without receiving very much notice or comment. Nevertheless there is a basic idea in common between Hitler with his three Ks, and the Board of Governors of a Canadian university who find it necessary to dismiss married women instructors because they are married. That idea is the traditional view of women as people of a purely secondary existence . . . wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts . . . rather than as people with an existence of their own as individuals, to be considered as such, independent of any relationships which they may have . . . an idea which was accepted down through the ages until very recently and which now, in the autumn of 1936, find another exponent in Margaret Lawrence.

The Feminist Movement began in the first quarter of the 19th century with the publication of Mary Woolstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women", was fostered by the industrial revolution, and precipitated by the Great War. During the twenties the upward and forward swing continued. In Italy it became gradually submerged in the Fascist point of view, the process being barely discernible because Italian women, having gained very little, had almost nothing to lose. In Germany it was brought to an abrupt halt with the election of Hitler in 1933, the contrast between pre-Fascist and Fascist conditions being blatantly apparent because, until then, German women had been the freest in Western Europe. In the United States and Canada the movement slowed down under an economic pressure which was unaccompanied by very much theorizing but was none the less effective. It is probable that Canadian women are in worse circumstances than American women, some phases of the movement having progressed further in the United States than in Canada where they are not yet able to obtain key positions in industry or anything approaching economic equality in business. The whole question of what has, unfortunately, come to be known as "Women's Rights" appears to have been shelved for the time being, although it is probable that Miss Lawrence's book will start fresh discussion. "The School of Feminity" has a certain significance, if for no other reason than because it is a restatement of the traditional view of women with a few modern trimmings supplied by the findings of modern psychological study. For this reason Miss Lawrence's book is not without bearing on the present situation in Canada.

Since the problem as it faces us at the moment, resolves itself into the immediate question of whether or not women, if married shall be considered as individuals or as dependent human beings, it is necessary to decide first of all if their actions are, as Miss Lawrence and a great many other people believe, primarily biological in their motivation. She envisages the normal woman as a "still, deep sexual being . . . a biological force under a compelling instinct to find a safe place to lay her babes, and before that she is in subconscious search for a man who will give her the babies and help her to find a place to lay them." In consequence,

"When a young woman takes to writing" . . . or advertising copy, sculpture, engineering or designing . . . "it is because something has hurt her biologically, and she tries to escape the fate of womanhood." Of Jane Austen, Miss Lawrence remarks that she was "disappointed," as "every woman who does not get her man is disappointed," and of Florence Nightingale and the increased opportunities for women which her work brought about she says, "She could not know that women, no matter what they did were subconsciously seeking mates," and describes the widening sphere of activity which came partly in the natural course of things and as a result of Suffragette agitation as "arenas for larger mate-selection". As the inevitable corollary of the traditional point of view, she states that a sexually normal woman will not return to her writing after marriage unless her husband is unsatisfactory for physical, emotional or economic reasons, qualifying it somewhat, however, by adding that she does not wish to imply that the sexually normal woman will not write at all, but that "she will not be in the state of living for the sake of writing, which state is almost absolute to good writing."

The stumbling block of marriage versus career has cropped up time and again during the past fifty years, and continues to crop up after a temporary lull during the twenties when the cry of "Employ the men!" could not be raised upon economic grounds. It is the subject of innumerable articles, short stories, novels, plays and moving-pictures in which it invariably appears as a conflict which cannot be solved unless one or the other is abandoned. Actually, the issue to be faced is whether or not women shall be entitled, as individuals, to work for the sake of the work itself. It is impossible, at this date, to say that the majority will lose interest in their work when they marry, or even that the two things are necessarily alternative since time, money, solitude or even the reduction of the eight-hour day must be determining factors, and the evidence on both points is not yet all in. It is this which Miss Lawrence and most other conventional thinkers have overlooked.

Women are conditioned to regard marriage as an end which is exclusive of everything else since their earliest childhood. Subconsciously at least, anything they may do is, or tends to be, a stop-gap. It is so instilled in them by the tacit or spoken assumptions of everyone about them, by everything they may read, from the latest novel to the newest cosmetic advertisement, that providing one accepts the efficacy of any much less constant form of indirect suggestion such as modern advertising methods in general, one is forced to the conclusion that it is absurd to generalize on the "natural" conduct of women. So long as a human mind is concentrated upon one idea to such an extent that all other ideas are relegated to categories of relative unimportance, that brain will in all probability give no real indication of its capacity for dealing with subjects beyond and outside its main purpose.

Arguments based on the undeniable fact that women do give up their careers when they marry, apart altogether from the considerations mentioned above, take on a somewhat different light if one believes that the average man would probably give up working too, if he could afford it. It is doubtful if bricklaying is essential to the happiness of a bricklayer, or selling ties necessary to the well-being of a tie-salesman. There it is once more a matter of conditioning; boys are brought up to work as girls are brought up to marry. In the girl's case the choice which the world makes for her is reinforced by the biological vulnerability which makes it more difficult for a woman to persist in a way of life which is regarded as somewhat eccentric and for which she may have to put up with constant criticism as women had to do in the past and must still do at least to some extent in the present, than for the boy who usually has less to fight and is, in addition, better equipped by nature to fight it.

It is probable that this particular opinion of Miss Lawrence's is by and large correct, though the women of Soviet Russia may yet refute it, when applied to the average woman, as it is true that the average man would abandon his job if he were able to do so, but that leaves both the exceptional man and the exceptional woman unaccounted for. In writing a book which is in the nature of a thesis and which she describes as "for and about women as they are interpreted through feminine writers of yesterday and today," she is dealing entirely with exceptional women who have more in common with exceptional men than they have with, for example, hat-check girls and stenographers. Yet Miss Lawrence, like the Board of Governors of that Canadian university, approaches the subject of exceptional women through women in general, which is almost as preposterously illogical as to attempt to explain why Leonardo painted as he did in terms of bricklayers and tie-salesmen. Where Miss Lawrence and far too many other people fall down is in the failure to distinguish between the intelligent and the unintelligent woman. Because a husband and family mean an inevitable subordination of all other interests to the wife of a machinist does not necessarily imply that they mean precisely that to Rebecca West. There is far

greater difference between Miss West and the machinist's wife than there is between Miss West and Charles Morgan or Thomas Wolfe. To state that every woman's motive for going into medicine, or music or business is biological and that therefore, once married, the motive is no longer present and the work no longer essential to that woman's happiness is as far-fetched as to say that the motives of all men are pecuniary. Apart altogether from the nature of the motivation, Miss Lawrence has overlooked a factor in creative work which is of the utmost importance: it does not matter very much what supplies the original impetus, if an artist is any kind of an artist at all, the motivation, whether biological, psychological or economic is lost in the work itself once it gets under way.

The School of Feminity comes at a time when the whole subject of Feminism is once more in need of a good airing. For this reason it is a pity that the first book on women to appear in Canada for some time should be devoted to the expression of a point of view which is too time-worn, too familiar and too retrogessive to be any kind of genuine contribution to the literary and intellectual life of Canada. Critical studies among Canadian writers are rare; our book publications, even taken over long periods, are not very numerous, so that there is a marked tendency among our reviewers to endow any work by a Canadian with a kind of scarcity value which has nothing to do with its actual quality. Owing to its backward trend, it is possible that the "School of Femininity" may have an unfavourable influence upon the women of this country who have not, contrary to Miss Lawrence's opinions, fought for professional equality because they wanted "arenas for larger mate-selection".

Miss Lawrence understands the "average" woman and writes both sympathetically and well of her feelings and problems. However, she refers to women in general as "vessels of the race" so frequently that it is impossible to ignore her choice of phrase as an unfortunate accident of no significance, and men are, of course, "mates". Since it is difficult to apply her theory of "compensatory motivation" to George Eliot, she leaves it alone and discusses her work in a spirit of genuine and fairly unbiased criticism which leads one to believe that Miss Lawrence, like a great many other people, might do quite well if she could be persuaded to drop the words "natural", "sexual", and "biological" from her vocabulary.

• ● •

O CANADA!

($1 will be paid for the press clipping heading this column)

* * *

"I was interested in the (Oxford) group because I had heard there were some good looking boys over here from England", said Miss Margaret Woodman, recently a Winnipeg debutante. "I have been changed. Badminton, teas, dinners and luncheons occupied my time, and I was fed up. I found courage to surrender to God and now I know what real adventure is."

(From the Toronto Daily Star.)

* * *

"Do you think anybody who contends that the present Spanish loyalists are not Communists, can be classed as a Communist on that account?" he was asked.

"Yes, I do".

(From an interview with Ald. Leo McKenna, acting Mayor of Montreal, in the Montreal Daily Star.)

* * *

"The League is a poor old lame duck, which would have been wiped out long ago if Great Britain had not been sitting at its bedside holding its hand."

(G. Howard Ferguson to an Ottawa women's club, as reported in a Montreal Star editorial.)

* * *

I cannot picture a true Canadian going to Spain and trying that shooting racket . . . let we Canadians remain as we are—true, unselfish people, ready to help the other fellow when things go wrong, digging into our pockets to help the needy, sick and sorrowful. This is the old Canadian spirit.

(From a letter signed For Canada, in the Toronto Daily Star.)

* * *

Fascist Italy is today the largest producer and exporter of olive oil, one of the essential requisites of everyday life. Italy has continued to export this commodity without much decrease. That this factor is of serious consequence to all thinking people is evident . . . .

(From a letter in the Clarion, Toronto.)

* * *

Communists in Canada have become a public nuisance and should be exterminated and driven out of the country, Col. George A. Drew told the Board of Trade Club . . . Describing himself as a firm believer in complete freedom of speech and freedom of political expression.

(From the Toronto Mail and Empire.)

* * *

NASSAU BAHAMAS

Small islands; large and small estates; revenue bearing business property. No income taxes. No land taxes. Two percent inheritance tax.

(Advertisement in the Montreal Gazette.)

* * *

Our prize of $1.00 is awarded this month to Miss R. Tait, Montreal.

Bedtime Stories for Workingmen

EUGENE FORSEY

THE Canadian Chamber of Commerce has recently issued an "official release" headed "What is a Capitalist?" "the first of a series . . . dealing with the facts and truths of Canada's business system." Like "Justitia" of the Montreal Star and other eminent capitalist pamphleteers, the author does not sign his work. No doubt he was afraid he might lose his job for defending capitalism. I am compelled, therefore, to refer to him only by his genial pseudonym, "Your old pal, the Foreman."

This masterpiece of Canadian fiction follows a classic tradition. It is in the form of a letter to "Dear John," a "former employee." "John," I am sorry to say, has been attending a "red" meeting and making speeches there. "Foreman," more in sorrow than in anger, undertakes to show him how he has been misled.

He wastes no time in preliminaries. Page one neatly introduces the "foreign agitator" motif in the person of "that fellow Villinski." At the top of page two we are treated to another old favourite, the notion that socialists think capitalists are wicked people: "You seemed to think that capitalists are men with heaps of money and shining motor cars, who spent their days in the big buildings up-town plotting how to squeeze money out of the people who have very little, and their nights in cutting up at wild parties in their stone houses. With the power which their wealth gives, you said, they run the world for their own profit and pleasure and the poor man hasn't a chance in such a set-up."

The last sentence contains some truth (poorly expressed), but in the context it is thoroughly misleading. I suppose it is useless to reiterate to people like "Foreman" that the socialist criticism is criticism of a system, not of individuals, whose personal character and conduct are almost wholly irrelevant. "Foreman" is doubtless a busy man, but if he can spare time to read eight-and-a-half lines of print in "Social Planning for Canada" (at the foot of page 102 and the top of page 103), he will discover what the socialist position on this question really is. If he wants further information he will find several paragraphs about it in a forthcoming book, "Towards the Christian Revolution," by members of the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order. I mention these two sources only because they should be easily accessible. Socialists have expounded the point, in speech and writing, times without number. The kindest explanation for the repeated travestying of our position is gross ignorance, for which, however, there is now little, if any, excuse.

What, then, is a capitalist? "You seemed to be all mixed up, John, about what a capitalist really is." "Foreman" has the answer pat: "You have a little money in the savings bank, haven't you? You said about $100 the other night, and you carry $1,000 worth of insurance for the missus and the kids. . . . Then there is that Victory Bond you told me you have been buying by scraping together a little money month by month. Well, John, believe it or not, you are a capitalist."

This again has the charm of familiarity, and again what it says would be true enough if "Foreman" were discussing technical questions of orthodox capitalist economic theory. But as he is discussing the class divisions of society, it is ridiculous. He remarks, sneering, that "No doubt the brain-trusters will give you plenty of answers (to the question, what is a capitalist?) which sound fine to other brain-trusters, but which don't mean much to you and me." I make the Canadian Chamber of Commerce a present of one answer, by John MacMurray, Professor of Philosophy in University College, London. It runs something like this: The working class means those who will starve if they don't work; the capitalist class means those who won't starve if they don't work. This will "mean" something, I fancy, to any workingman, though it may be too subtle for the Canadian Chamber of Commerce.

"What you forget," proceeds "Foreman," "is that these small capitalists across the country own and control the mass of what we call the wealth of Canada."

This, in the face of the mass of statistics which indicate the contrary (many, but by no means all, quoted in "Social Planning for Canada," pages 15-17, 72-81, 85-101, 121-123, 133-143), is superb effrontery. In the first place, as even "Foreman" admits later, "ownership" is not the same thing as control; far from it. (See Berle and Means, "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," and the Price Spreads Report, Chapter 3). This is true of the modern corporation. It is also true, in other forms and varying degrees, of the farmer, small manufacturer and small merchant. Second, such statistics of income distribution as we have do not bear out "Foreman's" statement even about ownership. For instance, the latest income tax figures show only 184,194 people in Canada with incomes large enough to be taxable, and of these only 56,890 with incomes over $3,000. "Taxpayers with incomes of $10,000 or over, representing only 3% in number, contributed 70% of the total tax collected." (Financial Post, September 12, 1936). Even allowing for

the much higher rate of taxation on large incomes, these figures strongly suggest an appreciable inequality. Third, our very meagre and unsatisfactory statistics of actual ownership of wealth cast grave doubts on the correctness of "Foreman's" conclusions.

He himself quotes four sets of figures: Bank deposits, insurance, farms, and retail stores, followed by exhortations to "think" of "how many people live in their own homes" and "the autos parked outside our factory." As to the former, "John" may save himself the trouble of any imaginative effort. On page 139 of the current Canada Year Book, he will find exact figures. In 1931, 54.45 per cent. of all urban householders in Canada lived in rented dwellings. Provincial percentages varied from 43.72 in Prince Edward Island to 70.3 in Quebec. I have not seen any figures of mortages on "owned" homes. Perhaps "Foreman," who seems to be a knowledgeable fellow, will supply them in a later "release"? Perhaps also he could tell us how many of those "autos" are debt-free?

Analysis of the figures he does give yields interesting results.

First, bank deposits: "There are 6,000,000 persons in Canada who have passed their 20th birthday, and of these nearly 5,000,000 have deposits in our banks, which altogether pile up to $2,000,000,000. Quite a bit of capital, John, and held in many, not a few hands."

If "John" will look at page 910 of the 1936 Canada Year Book (from which his mentor presumably drew these figures), he will find something to his advantage. In the first place, "Foreman" has evidently lumped together current and savings deposits, disregarding possible duplication. Second, he omits to mention that an unknown number of both types belong to corporations. Third, he says nothing about the distribution of either type. The accompanying tables shed a rather lurid light on this point.

Second, insurance: "3,500,000 Canadians carry $6,000,000,000 of insurance."

I do not know where these figures come from. The 1936 Canada Year Book (pages 950-961) show, for 1934, a total of 6,340,524 policies ("Foreman" has evidently managed to eliminate duplication here), with a net total amount of $6,220,725,929 for companies under Dominion registration, an average of $981.11 per policy. (The preliminary total amount for 1935 is $6,259,734,426). In addition there were in 1934, $167,355,701 of fraternal life policies under Dominion jurisdiction (1935 preliminary figure $157,524,445), and $164,078,734 with companies and fraternal societies under provincial licenses. There are, as far as I know, no figures of the distribution of insurance policies; but the low average amount per policy suggests that, if we could get them, they would present the same general outline as those of bank deposits.

Third, farms: "Four-fifths of the farms in Canada are owned by the people who work them."

This is true (though what "ownership" means in concrete terms is, as I have said, another matter). But if we look at total acreage, the percentage "owned" is only 65. Moreover, while both number and acreage of "owned" farms decreased slightly between 1921 and 1931, the number of "part tenant" farms increased more than 70 per cent. and the acreage almost 111 per cent.; while the number of "rented" farms increased 33 per cent. and acreage almost 54 per cent. No one, I think, will suggest that the situation has improved since 1931.

Fourth, retail stores: "More than four-fifths" owned by those who operate them.

This takes no account of the proportion of total trade done by the independent retailer, nor of the extent to which the department and chain stores make the pace for him. If I may refresh "Foreman's" memory, the 1931 Census of Merchandizing showed 31.1 per cent. of retail trade done by department and chain stores. Department stores, according to the Price Spreads Report, did 60 per cent. of the business in home furnishings, 52 per cent. in dry goods and notions, 42 per cent. in women's clothing,

Current Deposits:

Size	No.	Percent of total	Amount	Percent of total	Av. Amt.
$ 1,000 or less....	574,333	91.76	$ 76,008,059	12.16	$ 132.34
1,000 to $ 5,000	39,294	6.278	80,086,361	12.815	2,037.87
5,000 to 25,000	9,355	1.494	95,421,344	15.269	10,200.04
25,000 to 100,000	2,126	.339	99,676,371	15.949	46,884.46
Over 100,000	752	.1201	271,030,681	43.393	360,413.14
Adjustment	.....	.....	2,713,508	.....	.....
Totals	625,860	.....	624,936,324	.....	998.52

Savings Deposits:

Size	No.	Percent of total	Amount	Percent of total	Av. Amt.
$ 1,000 or less 3,716,326		92.56	$425,873,551	29.58	$ 114.59
1,000 to $ 5,000	263,449	6.56	518,525,239	35.38	1,968.23
5,000 to 25,000	32,460	.88	280,898,088	19.16	8,653.67
25,000 to 100,000	2,276	.056	99,785,473	6.81	43,842.47
Over 100,000	471	.0117	136,199,058	9.29	289,169.97
Adjustment	.....	.....	4,290,265	.....	.....
Totals 4,014,982		.....	1,465,571,674	.....	365.02

All Deposits:

Size	No.	Percent of total	Amount	Percent of total	Av. Amt.
$ 1,000 or less...4,290,659		92.45	$501,881,610	24.007	$ 116.97
1,000 to 5,000	302,743	6.52	598,611,600	28.635	1,977.29
5,000 to 25,000	41,815	.912	376,319,432	18.001	9,239.02
25,000 to 100,000	4,402	.0948	199,461,844	9.541	45,311.64
Over 100,000	1,223	.0263	407,229,739	19.479	332,976.07
Totals	4,640,842	.....	2,090,507,998	.....	450.46

46 per cent. in furniture, 32 per cent. in shoes, and 27 per cent. in men's clothing. Chains, in 1933, did 33.2 per cent. of the grocery and meat business.

Following "Foreman's" illuminating remarks on the distribution of wealth comes a lyrical passage on our banks, insurance and trust companies:; "My, how they stood solid when there were crashes elsewhere!" One might add, My, how the government stood solid with them by allowing them (by Order-in-Council under the Unemployment and Farm Relief Act) to value their security holdings on a basis other than that fixed by law.

After this, "Foreman's" blows fall thick and fast. "The money you make, John, does not have to be used as someone else dictates. No government nor any company compels you and me to put our savings in the bank or to buy insurance or stocks with them. Nor can the government nor any company under the present system tell you to leave your money in the bank or make you take it out and spend it. Yet under those wonderful social theories that looked so bright to you the other day just that very thing would happen. Politicians and clerks up in Ottawa would control all the wealth. A few people would, then, actually dictate to us how our money should be used, instead of the great mass of us, as it now is."

The syntax of the last phrases is confused and confusing, but the rest is clear enough. If it is meant to describe a socialist community it is completely untrue, and if "Foreman" had even a nodding acquaintance with any reputable socialist writings he would know it.

To the assertion that "the capitalistic system has given us workingmen jobs", the recent Royal Bank letter on unemployment provides the answer. Its estimate of the workless in Canada in this year of "recovery" is about 625,000.

Capitalism has also "given us workingmen protection" (what precisely does this mean?) "and living conditions, which have grown a whole lot better for the womenfolk and the kids, even since we were boys". "Foreman" prudently refrains from comparing the actual improvement with what the development of productive forces has made possible.

But "the main thing" about capitalism "is that it gives everybody a chance to own some of this wealth which we call capital. There is another thing about it too. You and I and everyone else today have a chance to get along. You can become a foreman, just like I did, John. I can remember when our present general manager was the office boy", etc., etc., etc. "Your own doings, my boy, are the only limit to what you can make of and for yourself". No one can accuse the Canadian Chamber of Commerce of being niggardly in the estimate of the credulity of Canadian workmen. Any further comment on this passage would be cruel.

This initial work establishes "Foreman" as incontestably one of the leading Canadian short story writers. If the rest of his series is as good, he will be facile princeps. But as a revealer of "the facts and truth of Canada's business system", he must, I fear, be ranked second to Maria Monk.

Eli---Eli

Eli—Eli—Elibank,
Shoot the gun
And start the tank.
Eli—Eli—Elibank,
Drop the bomb
And turn the flank.
Eli—Eli—Elibank,
Blood and iron
Rank on rank.
Eli—Eli—Elibank,
To hell with peace
No hanky-pank,
Eli—Eli—Elibank.

C. H. M.

Preceptors of the Heart

Send not the innocent heart to find
In civil tears denials of the blood,
Or in humility feign kinglihood;
'Twould filch his character away and bind
Him spiritless, whom Holiness designed
To swell the vein with a secular flood
In pure, ferocious joy, efficient and good,
Like a tiger's spring or the leap of the wind.

Let the wind's leap or a beast's of the wood,
Whose savage fire is self-consuming, blind,
Spring his quick flame to reach its human mode;
A flame like theirs in force, different in kind,
Whose difference burns away sensation's load,
And distils hissing blood to crystal Mind.

A. J. M. SMITH.

THE SEASON'S NEW BOOKS

The Canadian as Artist---A New St. Joan---Will There Be Peace? The Empire of Wall Street---Unhappy Empress---The Gay Nineties Theatre and Life---Those Who Never Die---Sassoon's Progress More Furies---Togetherness---Murder

YEARBOOK OF THE ARTS IN CANADA: edited by Bertram Brooker; Macmillans; pp. xxviii-256; $5.00.

THE Yearbook of the Arts in Canada 1929 was an exciting event. This second volume, which covers the whole period since 1929, has been long delayed partly, as Mr. Brooker explains, because of financial hindrances to publication during the depression and partly because of the lack of enough good material to justify an annual volume. It does not seem to me to be quite so much of an event. This may be due to the fact that it came into my hands just after I had been inveigled into wasting the better part of an afternoon (and 25 cents) at the latest advertising stunt of the Association of Canadian Bookmen—their so-called book-fair—and just after a visit to the Toronto Art Gallery where the authorities have shown their sense of the fitness of things by staging the annual display of the Royal Canadian Academy right up against the paintings of Van Gogh. Experiences such as these leave one in a jaundiced mood for the contemplation of Canadian art in general.

The second yearbook contains a much larger selection of poems, stories and essays than did the original one, and the selection shows a greater variety of material. It is impossible to maintain that the material is not of high quality since so much of it is taken from past issues of The Canadian Forum. Every reader, however, will look for some things that are not here, and the reason why one or two things are here is not obvious. There is, for example, a slushy and sentimental pot-boiler by Mazo de la Roche which first appeared in the Canadian Home Journal and which must have been perfectly adapted to the taste of the readers of that great journal. One must complain also of the way in which paintings and drawings are reproduced. They are stuck into corners of the page or along margins, after the manner of the illustrations of recent years in our popular magazines; this atrocious method of spoiling the effect of what are in themselves good reproductions has no justification except the same kind of desire for novelty as afflicts the designers of motor-car radiator fronts.

It is interesting now to go back and read the articles of the 1929 yearbook or look over its reproductions of paintings. What strikes one about them is how they date. That first yearbook, in other words, fulfilled its purpose as a yearbook almost perfectly. It is full of the spirit of 1929. There is a challenge in the writing, the book itself is about a manifesto. We Canadians, it seems to say, we Men of the North with our pre-Cambrian Shield, are going to show the world. You will find in it the members of the Group of Seven expounding their philosophy of a northern art; and in one article after another the contributors to the book discuss what the marks of a Canadian art should be, in painting, poetry, novels, music, architecture. Some of the writers were iconoclastic, like Merrill Denison who said that there was as much basis for a Canadian national drama as there was for a native orange industry, or like Eric Arthur who expected that it would take a thousand years to develop a Canadian style in architecture but who thought he could detect a light in the west over a grain elevator. (Seven years out of the thousand have now passed, and what we are given about architecture in the 1936 yearbook confirms his pessimism.) But the book is still exciting to read because the writers themselves were excited. Alas, as we look back, we can see that it was not so much Canadian art, actual or potential, which excited them in that intoxicating year of 1929, it was the boom. They were mainly giving expression to what more vulgar fellow-Canadians were expressing in skyscrapers and railway extensions and International Nickel at 73.

Now one naturally asks, when one turns to the yearbook of 1936, what effect seven years of a world depression have had upon the tone and outlook of Canadian artists. For the depression has made us conscious that we face not merely an economic but a spiritual crisis in our civilization. In Europe that long era of individualism and liberalism which began with the Renaissance is closing in revolution,

and men are having to decide whether they will go fascist or communist. European artists have been compelled to rethink the whole question of the relation of the artist to society, and the finer spirits among them, as far as I can make out, are deciding one after another that in our troubled generation the artist must be red or dead. Similar developments may be observed in Rooseveltian United States. What has been the impact of these world-shaking events upon Canadian artists? I cannot find any evidence in this volume. There is certain sardonic and bitter humour in some of the poems (these, of course, are from The Canadian Forum), but beyond this there is not much sign that Canadian artists have been moved by the phenomenon of a civilization dissolving before their eyes. Mr. Brooker indeed, in his introduction on Art and Society, seems to warn the artist against any temptation to become involved in these agonizing controversies of our day. But perhaps I misinterpret him. I find him more comprehensible when he expresses his mysticism in lines and paint than when he tries to do it in words.

The criticism which I have been trying to make is admirably put in other words by one of the contributors to this volume, W. A. Deacon, who writes on the contemporary Canadian novel. He is worth quoting. "The preponderance of village fiction suggests that the easiest method has been taken of playing up the individual while employing a manageable background .. .. .. Did we have any reason for believing this trend to flow from deep conviction that life only matters as it surges through the individual soul, it would be quite possible to argue for that view .. .. .. Yet one may question the validity of any national fiction that is so blandly unaware of the convulsions which are shaping the world .. .. .. Our novelists, however, are in this respect reflecting Canadian apathy, unconsciously but with considerable accuracy. .. .. .. Canadians at large must assume blame for the tendency to create an escape literature as far as current mass forces are concerned. The Canadian temperament, rustic and ruminative, takes kindly to the mental isolation of such pronounced individualism as farmers automatically acquire."

But wouldn't one feel happier about one's country if the note of rustic rumination were not quite so dominant among its artists in this year 1936?

At any rate Mr. Brooker's yearbook is worth some study by every thinking Canadian.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

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A New St. Joan

SAINT JOAN OF ARC: V. Sackville-West; Doubleday, Doran & Co; pp. 395; $3.50.

FOR some years, Miss Sackville-West has been known as a writer of remarkable acuteness and delicacy. Her pictures of upper-class English life, in The Edwardians and All Passion Spent, were full of a quiet, sophisticated humour, and her phrasing so beautifully precise that it was always a pleasure to read. Never up to the present has she attempted a figure cast in the large heroic mould.

Now, with Saint Joan of Arc, she has boldly tackled one of the most formidable problems of biography, the story of an authentic saint. The success she has won cannot but enhance her reputation. Joan of Arc has been a kind of touchstone by which the innermost qualities of many a writer have been tested in the past; it seems as though her enigmatical figure had a fatal attraction for the professional man or woman of letters. And the record is strewn with failures. Mark Twain, Andrew Lang, Anatole France, to name only a few —not one has given us a really acceptable Saint Joan. The intellectual is baffled, the professional humorist abashed, the sentimentalist made uneasy. Even Bernard Shaw loses much of his irreverent daring in her presence. All of them seem to be conscious of their inability to capture the essence of this strange and fascinating personality, the peasant girl who at seventeen freed her country from foreign oppression and at nineteen outfaced the tremendous powers of orthodoxy, to die at the stake as a heretic.

To say that where these and others have failed Miss Sackville-West has entirely succeeded would be an exaggeration. Her book, however, is a thoroughly sincere account, full of interesting detail and inspired with sympathy for the mediaeval saint and her period. Next to the monumental work of such scholars as Quicherat, it may be considered the most accurate recent treatment of its theme. The interpretation is strictly for our own age.

As she sees it, there is little to be regretted in the "untimely" death of the Maid: the whole pattern of that short existence demanded some such completion. "Jeanne d'Arc was meant to, dramatically, die. . . . Jeanne's life had been led on the high planes of feeling, and it was fitting that death should meet her in the same high key; her career, if it was to be rounded off into the unity which it dramatically demanded, must end in an early and tragic death."

Not that Miss Sackville-West is the detached aesthete, hovering over the stake as over some skillfully prepared stage performance. She makes Joan

live again for us, and shows her own feeling and admiration for her on every page. But she does appreciate that "in short measure life may perfect be," and gives us the sense that here was a story that, man being what he is, could not have been prolonged without violation of its inner unity.

Yet what a wealth of detailed information we have concerning those few years! As the author reminds us, so far from Joan's career having been shrouded in obscure legend, we have for it an almost unrivalled volume of testimony. Her trial alone brought forth floods of evidence, most of which, scrupulously set down even by her implacable enemies, has survived. The trouble is, so much of this is contradictory; there remain so many question marks, which no conscientious biographer can ignore.

The present account has dodged little or nothing. In fact, it might reasonably be objected that sometimes it engages in rather unnecessary speculations about minor points. Why, for instance, waste all this writing on the horse given to Joan by the Duke of Lorraine: "It is not very clear what happened to the horse already presented to her by the Duke of Lorraine. Perhaps, as M. Simeon Luce suggests, her supporters did not think it fitting that the maid of Domremy should ride to the Court of the Dauphin on a mount provided by the liberality of an Anglo-Burgundian leader. Perhaps, also, it was not a very good horse." Perhaps not, but what of it?

Where we expect of Miss Sackville-West that she be full and precise, however, she does not disappoint us. She treats the crucial matter of Joan's voices with complete frankness and intelligence. Unable to accept the orthodox religious interpretation, she is equally incapable of calling them altogether subjective. The testimony is there: the voices came unsolicited, they did not at first mention the salvation of France, their later utterances were precise and detailed. Joan sometimes disobeyed them, to her own hurt, but she could not deny them for any power, even that of the church. To class all this as merely one of many mediaeval superstitions is to miss entirely the tremendous mental gap between Joan and her persecutors, themselves far more sophisticated and better trained than she.

Note this, from the trial, concerning her heavenly visitants:

Q. If they had no members, how could they speak?

A. I refer that to God.

Is it not plain that interrogator and prisoner are speaking different languages?

After mature consideration of Joan's whole career, her voices, and her miracles, Miss Sackville-West, who describes herself as "neither credulous nor sceptical," decides that the phenomena are inexplicable on purely natural grounds—at least as we understand "nature" today. If some readers are not ready to agree with her here, they must at least admire her courage and consistency, and concede that the last word on the matter is yet to be spoken. If only the "book of Poitiers", which recorded Joan's earliest answers about the visions, might turn up in some obscure archives, we might have a flood of light upon it all.

Miss Sackville-West, being thoroughly persuaded she is dealing with a saint whose record speaks for itself, makes little effort to romance her biography. She perhaps darkens the character of the luckless Charles VII. (a "weak, knock-kneed, pious little cad") overmuch in order to heighten the contrast between him and her heroine; even here, however, an admirable sense of proportion has come to her aid. She never lets us forget that we are encountering mediaeval men and women, and mediaeval manners; much of the personal humiliation suffered by Joan during her imprisonment and trial, for example, is plausibly shown as far less shocking to a fifteenth-century peasant than it was to the eighteenth-century queen, Marie Antoinette.

This is a thoughtful, thought-provoking book, delightfully phrased, and, as index and biography show, soundly based on modern scholarship. English aristocrat encounters French country girl and saint on the ground of a common womanhood, and Miss Sackville-West emerges as the wholehearted admirer of Joan. "She makes us think, and she makes us question," is her final comment.

A. S. NOAD.

Will There Be Peace?

THE ALTERNATIVE TO WAR: Charles Roden Buxton; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 143; $1.25.
THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE: Stafford Cripps; Gollancz-Ryerson; pp. 287; $2.00.
VITAL PEACE: Henry Wickham Steed; Constable-Macmillan; pp. 346; $3.00.
THE LAW OF PEACE: C. van Vollenhoven; Macmillan.... pp. 261; $3.50.

WHILE the danger of immediate war is making means of promoting peace more than ever vital, the question has become more confusing for many by a sudden realization of the fundamental connection between the struggle for imperial stakes and the class struggle, a connection which the international repercussions of the Spanish civil war make obvious to all. There results a conflict of loyalties between imperial patriotism and class solidarity: the British Government's strange gentleness to Mussolini's claims in the Mediterranean shows class

interests dominant, while the British Labour Party supports rearmament which puts more power in the hands of its class-enemies, for the sake of protecting the Empire. But Mussolini and Hitler, though potential enemies of the Empire, are no enemies of Imperialism, rather are they its most consistent supporters; logically enough, they stand also for the destruction of the liberty of the subject, politically and economically.

In view of this, can the problem of international war be solved apart from the economic struggle of the masses? Sir Stafford Cripps maintains that it cannot, and he argues in the first part of this book that any international tribunal or authority able to deal with the root causes of war is impossible between capitalist-imperialist governments, because it is the concern of such governments to establish and perpetuate in favour of their own possessing classes the very disparities which are the causes of war; that international co-operation and agreements are durable only between governments invested with economic as well as political power; "we must therefore discard capitalism as a possible foundation for peace." His own plan is one of co-operation between existing socialist governments and such as may soon come to power, namely a Socialist government in Britain—with, between the members of this socialist bloc, free trade and the pooling of military resources against possible aggression by the Fascist states. A socialist government in Britain would probably find close co-operation with other such powers essential, but the difficulty is that such a plan would still divide Europe into two armed camps, with the danger of class war within as well as without, unless the socialist victory at the polls were far more complete than seems at present likely. The second part of the book consists of important and illuminating notes written by Michael Foot, which should be extremely useful to all, on imperial and international matters.

But, even though the class struggle and the international war problems are but two aspects of the same fundamental problem, it may still be wise to fight the battles of peace on both fronts at once, and any improvement in international relations might well weaken reactionary forces all round. It is here that Mr. Buxton's book is of great value. It is clear and concise, with the direct relevance that comes of expert knowledge; it goes straight to the roots of the matter, and concentrates attention not to the organization of "security" and the keeping of precarious peace, but to "the possibilities of peaceful change in international relations." First, a brief but illuminating analysis of the present position of Italy, Germany and Japan, and of their real difficulties, of what is really behind the claims of over-population and scarcity of raw materials. Then constructive proposals which are, briefly: a return to freer trade ("even if such steps were taken by a single county alone, there is reason to believe that there would be a balance of gain to that country"); carefully supervised emigration to the more sparsely populated countries; and the extension of the mandate system. If the transfer of territory were necessary, such territory should always be transferred under mandate. Thus would gradually develop a system of international supervision, with the non-imperial nations sharing the responsibility of organization and supervision over backward races, through the League of Nations. Valuable suggestions are made as to what Great Britain could do, here and now, to initiate such essential changes, thus diminishing the risk of war far more effectively than by its present policy of rearmament. Of special interest to Canadian readers is the discussion of the pernicious results of the Ottawa agreements upon international trade and the prospects of peace.

Both the other two books on this list are good and interesting, but, by laying all the emphasis on political and legal organization, they seem, in contrast with the above, to lack a certain grip on fundamentals. None the less, Vital Peace in particular is well worth study, besides being extremely well written. Mr. Steed first discusses the psychological factors involved in peace and war, and rightly insists on the difference between mere non-war and the positive vision of peace. The most interesting part of the book, however, is the account of the various attempts made, at the peace conference and since, to organize for peace, and the reasons for the failure. As the author was in close contact with diplomats and politicians in Europe and America, his story is both vivid and authentic. Both he and Prof. van Vollenhoven maintain that the old conception of neutrality no longer holds, and the Dutch jurist suggests: "One can conceive a neutrality of a quite different order; the state of non-participation in war, carrying with it the duty of distinguishing between the belligerent that is committing a wrongful act and the belligerent that is coming to the rescue of the law," which, as indeed the whole discussion of neutrality, is of special interest to Canada. Both writers also maintain that the organization of peace requires the arming of the League of Nations; this they regard as the natural next step in political and legal history. There is a good deal to be said for their view, but it does not guarantee any righting of wrongs, and might only reinforce a League that neglects Article XIX and has become the mere protector of an impossible status quo. Organization is essential,

but organizations can be misused, as the League has been.

The Law of Peace is primarily a history of what humanity has achieved, and failed to achieve, in the realm of international law from the Middle Ages to the present day, and thus provides the necessary historical background, even though the tale of positive achievements is meagre. Prof. van Vollenhoven looks back with envy to some of the international institutions of the mediaeval period: the maritime consuls, the beginnings of arbitration, and international conferences for peaceful co-operation. But from the end of the fifteenth century the growth of sovereign states was an obstacle to progress; and the obstacle is still with us, though the record of the period between the French revolution and the great war has shown more definite promise of a new era.

Besides being a plea for the views mentioned, each of these books studies war and peace from a different angle, and each has some contribution to make to the understanding of the whole problem. Of them all, I should recommend The Alternative to War as the most essential, and quite invaluable to those who want a clear, concise and constructive analysis of the present international situation, and practical suggestions of immediate value.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Railway Employment

THE RAILWAY WORKER: A Study of the Employment and Unemployment Problems of the Canadian Railways; G. M. Rountree, J. C. Hemmeon and L. C. Marsh, Editors; No. 5 in the McGill Social Research Series; Oxford University Press; pp. 364; $3.00.

THIS book, which appears as number five in the McGill Social Science Series, accepts a limited and definite set of objectives, and within its range performs a very worthwhile piece of work. It discusses employment among Canadian railway workers in the years 1923-35 as a basis for plans for the future. To that end all the official data have been painstakingly analysed, and the gaps in it have been filled through the co-operation of the two chief railway companies. The discussion of the incidence of seasonal unemployment upon the various regional and functional groups is exhaustive, and much too complete to be summarized here.

In the study of cyclical effects it is shown that from 1929 to 1933 the total working force was reduced by some 62,000, of whom the normal attrition of four per cent. per annum would in any case have accounted for some 23,600. Of the balance some 5,000 were re-employed in 1934 and 1935, and it is estimated that at the beginning of 1936 over two-thirds of the remainder were on relief (p. 135). It is further noted that the forces of technological employment play upon the industry. The working force of 1928 was three per cent below that of 1920 despite an increase in mileage operated and in ton-mileage produced. At 1935 it was about 34 per cent. below 1920. Upon the whole, that force is more likely to increase than to diminish.

Of equal interest are descriptions of the institutional factors which tend to accentuate the fluctuations in employment. The violent peak in maintenance-of-way employment is only partly due to weather; in large part it is due to the anxiety of the local officers to spend any appropriation as soon as it is received lest a subsequent fall in revenue cause it to be withdrawn. The seniority rules governing employment are a second factor tending to irregularity of employment. On the Canadian Pacific Railway, for example, there are four separate seniority districts for engineers and firemen working trains out of Montreal, and five for conductors and train men. Yardmen have seniority only in the yard in which they work. The result is that men in one seniority district may stand idle while another district may be forced into the labour market in search of additional men. Similar regulations prevent machinists or running repair work from doing back-shop work where back-shop forces are maintained, and vice versa. Nor can a pipe-fitter in the maintenance-of-equipment group do pipe-fitting in a building, because that work is reserved for maintenance-of-way and structures workers. These are regulations set up by the men themselves as part of the normal machinery of their trade and enforced by them.

In the discussion of possible remedies, it is accepted that there are lines of skill which cannot be crossed, but for a great number of workers, a liberalization of the working rules would permit regional transfers such as now occur to a very limited extent only, to be further increased. A greater readiness on the part of the organized workers to accept reductions in money wages in proportion to the general decline in prices might also reduce the pressure toward technological change and diminished employment. It is suggested also that the present machinery set up by the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act is no longer apposite. There is no difficulty in bringing the management into consultation with the men. Relations are and have long been cordial. The real problem is to bring the men to accept an unfavorable decision. Accepting the idea that the long-term trend of employment is likely to be downward, it is also suggested that dismissal compensation be paid as a means of easing the strain of the employees directly affected, and of reducing the resistance of the whole body of employees.

JOHN L. McDOUGALL.

The Empire of Wall Street

RULERS OF AMERICA: Anna Rochester; Francis White; pp. 367; $2.50.

THIS is a good book to recommend to any innocent who has been over-excited by the American elections, or who is now puzzling himself over such irrelevant questions as to whether Roosevelt will go left or right. The elections revealed the political stupidity of the rulers of America in a glaring light, but the basis of their power over the economy of the continent has not been touched. The author of this book sets out to show in detail how that economic power has been more and more concentrated into the hands of a few finance-capitalists, who they are, and what their relations are with one another and with the whole structure of American industry.

The first part of the book is devoted to a study of the dominant financial groups—the Morgans, Rockefellers, Mellons, and other lesser lights—and of the connections

through which they control their respective empires. All the companies linked to Morgan through directorships or through banking services are listed, and their exact relationship, in so far as it can be discovered, analyzed. The companies in which Morgan and Rockefeller co-operate or compete for control are similarly discussed, and so forth. Then in the second part of the book certain of the main industries are considered in order—oil, steel, chemicals, electricity, railroads, aviation, copper, munitions—and it is shown to what degree monopoly tendencies in each are dominant and in what way each particular industry in any field is tied up with the dominant banking groups. The whole work is written in a dispassionate tone, without rhetoric and without too much even of the Marxian paraphernalia of surplus value. It does not profess to unearth new facts so much as to bring together all the facts which have been discovered by the many investigations, public and private, of recent years. The mass of detailed information which the author has collected makes hard and slow reading in many parts of the book, but it is a perfect mine for anyone who seeks enlightenment on the ramifications of present-day American industry and finance. The author is always careful to point out that monopoly and competition are intermixed in a pattern which is often baffling in its complexity; and while she may overestimate the significance of a Morgan director on some particular board, she appears to give a presentation of the situation which is substantially true.

There is a good deal of incidental information about the affiliations of Canadian industry with the controlling American groups in each field. On this topic, however, the book does not approach the fullness of treatment of the Carnegie Endowment volume on Canadian-American Industry by Messrs. Marshall, Southard and Taylor. But this latter publication confines itself to the interlocking of industries on both sides of the international border without much consideration of their banking and financial background. A Canadian compilation which traced out in full detail, as is done here for the United States, the connections between our main banking groups and our main industries would be a most useful volume.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

Adult Education

AFTER THE NEW DEAL, WHAT?: Norman Thomas; Macmillan, pp. 244; $2.00.

THE question which Mr. Thomas has taken as the title of his latest volume is one which has been agitating the minds of many political observers in the United States. With the Roosevelt landslide in the last election, it has become more acute than ever

"It is not," says Mr. Thomas in his preface, "a campaign document or an election appeal. Its major contentions will be valid whoever is elected, now and for the years that lie ahead." Yet it should be said that the book is characteristic of the sort of campaign which Mr. Thomas makes. It makes no effort to rouse the passions of cupidity or fear. It does not attempt to picture the author as a Messianic figure ready to save the nation from imminent disaster. It subordinates his personality to the ideas and philosophy of the movement he represents. It would never rouse the sort of popular enthusiasm that would sweep him into office. Rather it endeavors to appeal to the intelligence of the literate voter, to instruct him in the fundamental issues of the present day, and to lead him by the paths of inescapable logic to confront the dilemma which faces him.

As always, Mr. Thomas deals with his subject in a style that it at once incisive and urbane. His topics cover a broad range, and in consequence his various chapters are little more than introductory outlines; but they should do much to stimulate the interested reader to further study of the questions they raise. He offers an acute and scathing analysis of both the older parties and the political nostrums which have lately been offered to the electorate. He discusses both the economic and the constitutional foundation of present American problems. He shows the close connection between these problems and the question of foreign policy. His conclusion is that capitalism is dying and the New Deal is already dead, and the aftermath, in his view, is bound to be fascism unless——.

Thus he too ends with a question mark: can the United States be educated to the creation of a co-operative commonwealth in time to forestall a fascist coup? Many readers will find his answer somewhat optimistic. They may also be inclined at various points to feel that some fuller explanation or qualification is needed before his conclusions can be wholly accepted. But in its fundamental approach as well as in its essential thesis this book is both sound and valuable; and above all, it is the work of perhaps the most civilized personality in the political life of this continent.

EDGAR McINNIS.

Unhappy Empress

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA: Count Corti; English Version by Catherine Alison Phillips; Thornton Butterworth; pp. 416; $5.50.

THE figure of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria lends itself so readily to the facile pen of the biographer of the Maurois-Ludwig school that one experiences a slight shock in discovering that Count Corti's biography is not at all of that type. The author begins, indeed, by soundly flagellating the sensation-mongering and romantic embellishment with which the tragic Empress's career has been surrounded.

He pursued his researches in the archives of various countries, as well as in private collections. The result is a most careful and painstaking biography, with adequate reference for its many quotations from unpublished sources.

Yet scholarly research is apt to be a little suspect in a biography of this kind. It is the special virtue of this biography that so skillfully does Count Corti use his material that so far from dulling the portrait he enhances its interest from chapter to chapter. It is, in fact, an admirable biography, and if we weary of the unresting movement of the Empress, that is hardly the author's fault. He possesses a large degree of sympathy for his subject, but is not blind to shadows or defects.

The figure that emerges from this brilliant book is an extraordinary one. The high-spirited, beautiful and undisciplined daughter of Duke Max in Bayern, born in the year Victoria came to the throne, was married at the age of sixteen to the young Francis Joseph of Austria and plunged at once into the stiffest and most ceremonious court etiquette in Europe with a mother-in-law, the Archduchess Sophia, of the most determined and terrifying kind. She reacted violently against the cramping ceremonial of the court, and after vainly beating her wings against her cage, found refuge partly in Magyarism, where she played a part in bringing about the victory of

Hungary in 1867, and more often in sheer flight from the throne. These flights, which became ever more restless and unsatisfying, took her all over Europe, in a whirl of ceaseless physical activity. When that failed, her spirits failed too, she became ever more egocentric and unbalanced, until the dagger of Lucheni put an end to what was becoming a torture to herself and her ageing husband. With all this, however, she had great courage, honesty, and human sympathy. Like the Hapsburg Empire itself, in its later days, she failed, as she once admitted, "to come to terms with life." Yet she knew too that (as she put it) "Our dreams are always fairer when they are not realized."

R. FLENLEY.

A Woman of Peace

BERTHA VON SUTTNER: and the Struggle To Avert the World War: Caroline E. Playne; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 248; $2.75.

IN the twenty-five years before the war there was no more ardent advocate of peace than Baroness von Suttner. As a member of the aristocratic family of Kinsky, which was for centuries famous in the military history of Austria, all the influences of her early life inclined her to the acceptance of war as a matter of course. As the result of nursing service in the Russo-Turkish conflict of 1877 she received so powerful an impression of the suffering inflicted by war that she turned from a career in journalism to devote the rest of her life to the cause of peace. In 1889 appeared her novel, "Die Waffen Nieder" (Lay Down Your Arms), which remained probably the most powerful protest against war until the appearance of Barbusse's book twenty years ago. As a work of literature it cannot rank high. The heroine, Martha Althaus, widowed in an Austrian war, again marries an officer and follows in agony of soul the fortunes of her second husband in the struggles against Denmark and Prussia. To a rather slight and sentimental romance are joined large blocks of horrible fact culled from the records of recent wars. In spite of its lack of artistic merit, the novel undoubtedly stirred the imagination of contemporary Europe. "Die Waffen Nieder" was even quoted with approval by a Russian statesman before the Imperial Council, while Tolstoy bore witness to the potency of its appeal.

The present biographer succeeds in painting a convincing portrait of a woman passionately sincere in the cause she had made her own. Though she shrank from publicity, she forced herself to brave the terrors of public speaking. By her books and pamphlets and by her lectures, delivered to tens of thousands of people in Europe and America, she strove to foster enthusiasm for the idea of international arbitration, especially after the Czar had induced the governments to set up the Hague Court. Her efforts were crowned by the award of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1905.

It is to be regretted that this book does not go down very deeply into the extraordinarily difficult problems involved in the "struggle to avert the World War". There are hints of a deeper insight on the part of the Baroness herself. We learn that she advocated some form of restriction of the sovereignty of states and that she constantly urged the need for disarmament. Here she was well in advance of the thought of her time, and it is pity that we are given only a very superficial idea of these problems and her attitude towards them. The present condition of Europe should have made it clear that simply to wail over the perversity of mankind is not enough. The book is not well planned and was evidently put together in great haste, to judge by the many inaccuracies. It is odd that while here and there the style is strongly coloured by German idiom, the occasional German words and phrases are almost invariably misspelt.

C. LEWIS.

The Gay Nineties

PORTRAIT OF AN ERA: As Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson; A Biography; Fairfax Downey; Scribners; pp. 392; $3.50.

IMPOSSIBLE for one skirting middle age to view this book dispassionately! When I was a youth, all young people who could draw (and many who couldn't) were "doing" Gibson heads—with pencil, pen or pyrography sets. Few library tables on this continent were without one or more of the Gibson albums, or at least without piles of "Life" crammed with Gibson's drawings. How many middle-class romances flowered against the prim softness of Gibson Head cushions! This book reproduces the cream of Charles Dana Gibson's drawings for "Life" and other periodicals over four decades of the "gay" nineties and nineteen hundreds. Mr. Downey's lively text supplies the background. To the middle-aged it will recall their dead selves; to the young it will be—the portrait of an era. And what a faithful portrait! Gibson, a congenital Puritan romantic, was the man to do it. It is hard to believe, now, that those stately damsels, with demure or haughtly discreetness, those wooden Adonises with their adoring dog-like eyes, were ever really portraits. But they were, or became so by emulation, at least superficially. The Adonises lingered on in the Arrow Collar men and the football heroes of J. C. Lyendecker. The Gibson ladies disappeared long before the war. Gibson himself had a Horatio Alger career. No one ever worked harder at a limited talent; no one ever had his desperate need for money more richly rewarded through painstaking effort. The ultimate frustration of his own ageing millionaires is symbolized in Gibson's later yearning for the wider field of the colorist's brush and his failure to master that subtler technique. Gibson has been called a social satirist. He was; but his satire was aimed mostly at the foibles of a booming capitalist society—title-hunting American heiresses, soul-starved nouveaux riches, class snobbery of the "first families"—not at its underlying injustices. When the war was sweeping all romantics off their feet, who could blame Charles Dana Gibson, the incurable romantic, for devoting his talent whole-heartedly to war propaganda? Gibson was not only the portrayer of an era, he was part and parcel of it. As an editor, he failed because of this. "The New Yorker," born as a new and more realistic era dawned, developed a sharper eye, and left "Life," with Gibson at the helm, drifting along to gradual impotence on the dregs of the era that had died. Perhaps the story of Gibson refusing to draw a picture of an undraped artist's model for R. W. Chambers' novel about artists' models, which he was illustrating, best sums up the man and his era. Charles Dana Gibson insisted on viewing life with its clothes on—and preferably the clothes of the rich or the comfortably off. It was the humor, not the tragedy, of the disinherited that he saw when he stooped to look in that direction.

CARLTON McNAUGHT.

Theatre and Life

PRINCIPLES OF SHAKESPEARIAN PRODUCTION: G. Wilson Knight; Faber-Ryerson; pp. 246; $3.00.

IN his latest book Mr. Wilson Knight, Chancellors's Professor of English at Trinity College, Toronto, and author of "The Wheel of Fire," "The Imperial Theme" and "The Shakespearian Tempest," discusses his theories of Shakespeare production in a stimulating manner, drawing upon his rich fund of experience gained in acting and producing many of the plays at Hart House Theatre and elsewhere. This is not a book for the inexperienced producer who wants definite instructions in costuming, lighting, setting and rehearsing a play. But for the intelligent play-goer, the experienced actor, and the producer who has already developed his own ideas and organization for the production of Shakespeare, it cannot fail to be an interesting, provocative and valuable discussion.

I can only mention Prof. Knight's ideas: his discovery of tempests and music as dominant contrasted symbolic impressions in most of Shakespear's plays, and his interpretation of the final plays as visions of immortality crowning the poet's work. These and other subsidiary ideas he has developed in his critical essays and demonstrated in his productions. The present volume describes these productions at length, and outlines two "ideal" productions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth."

Whatever their validity it is necessary to point out that it would be difficult to assemble a cast for a Shakespeare production, whether amateur or professional, in which all the players could understand and would accept and project these subtle, lyrical and religious ideas. The less imaginative but honest would refuse to follow direction, electing to maintain an individual integrity in their characterizations. The less imaginative but more easily influenced would follow the director's wishes and give us the external show and movement without the inner conviction that would make them meaningful. I have seen both types of playing in Prof. Knight's productions.

And even if these ideas could be intelligently and implicitly followed by an entire case, I am not persuaded that they would be "good theatre." In his final chapter, "Shakespeare and Ritual," Prof. Knight insists that great drama should be a ceremony "in which actors and audience share in the formal unfurling of some deeply significant pattern." He refers frequently to the value of tableaux and pauses to create significance. "Today speed is the danger. . . . I think one should sometimes definitely pause on a grand and glowing phrase, as though to cauterize the minds of the audience with its white-hot iron." Othello in his last scene should preserve a "formalistic, statuesque" quality, and his poetic lines should be read with "measured and underlined emphasis." These quotations will suffice to indicate what I believe to be the chief danger implicit in Prof. Knight's work and in the production methods which he advocates in this book; the danger that the theorist, in his attempt to prove his theories and demonstrate the universal meanings of a play, will forget that he must engage and hold the attention of his audience.

But no one can deny the originality, vitality, and creative zest of Prof. Knight's writing and producing. No matter how we may disagree with the ideas and methods outlined in "Principles of Shakespearian Production," it remains a challenging and important work—one which no person interested in the theatre can afford to neglect.

H. VOADEN.

ATLANTIC CROSSING: G. Wilson Knight; J. M. Dent; pp. 337; $2.25.

QUENCHLESS vitality—that is the chief excellence of this strange and noble book as it ranges from the sea-floor to "blue savannas of the sky," from Canadian shacks and waterways to Indian palace-tombs or landscapes hinting of the Caspian. Here is no machine-made sentence; no outburst, however dithyrambic, that sounds falsetto. But the book is far too lengthy: much of this repeated brooding on billows and engines might have been deleted, and part of the space used for more of those delightful vignettes—"'What a pity they can't fix wireless on the icebergs, too!' 'How could they do that?' he answers scornfully." Mr. Knight has not completely dominated his material. He is unquestionably a genius (who else would call a professorship a perfumed destiny?) but his book would have been better had he, before beginning it, written one sonnet a week for twelve months: even he could not put more than fourteen lines into each.

His prose swings with charming variety. "Spiralling downstairs is cruel. First the whole ship-weight presses up under you, then you are a feather in air with your inside being extracted through your mind and eyes." He daringly tests the power of unexpected rhyme: "Too fruitlessly my watching yearns and with jealousy burns, jealous of that wayward rune they enact and together as one turn, wheeling to the sob-chaunt croon." Read aloud this masterly orchestration of rhythms:

> I have gone sliddering down snow-shine, sunshine slopes, starting slow, but swiftly fast, fast, faster, swift slid delighted down the ice of the Cresta Run at St. Moritz; diving at fifty, twisting over from one bank to the other, a corkscrew bullet in the icy champagne air, cheeks flushed with ringing, stinging, singing; oh, so happy, so happy, so happy to go downhill.

That absurd disclaimer, "No real person is alluded to in this book," naturally finds no place here; so I must take heed what I say about "Mother" and "Christine." Of "Christine" I will remark only, "Poor girl!" "Mother," whenever she is able to sit up, lights the page with quiet wit. "How is Mother? She asks what I am doing. 'Looking at the sea.' 'How can you?' she says." And her theories concerning chief engineers or cushions! I should welcome a volume (called Cross on the Atlantic?) giving her own view of all these tensions, stars and billows.

But most momentous of all is the discussion of Eros, sex-love, and Agapé, parent-love: both, not Agapé alone, are necessary to a living and fertile Christianity. Mr. Knight sees Christianity as still capable of wondrous developments, that shall embrace, illumine and lead every human passion and yearning. He would, it appears, welcome a return of that mediaeval chivalry which so beautifully blended worship of the Crucified, thirst for deeds of prowess, love between man and woman—welcome it, but as deepened by our new conditions into a religion that might impel a whole nation to seek its own Calvary.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

JUST PUBLISHED:

"Under Western Skies"

by Arthur Morton

Professor of History, University of Saskatchewan

Every summer for more than a decade, Professor Morton has gone to Hudson's Bay House, London, to search out information; he has read old diaries, reports and manuscripts. He has also made numerous expeditions into various parts of Western Canada to examine the remains of old forts, and to trace the routes taken by enterprising traders end early pioneers. The stories in this book are drawn from what he learned of Western Canada's early days from these sources. Illustrated $2.00

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Thomas Nelson & Sons, Limited

Toronto, Ontario

Those Who Never Die

WHITEOAK HARVEST: Mazo de la Roche; Macmillans; pp. 329; $2.00.

ANOTHER Jalna novel with the "alleged" setting, as the reporter says, in Canada. How happy certain little libraries well be and their readers who batten on just this nicely judged mixture of near-raciness, near-bold sex interest, childish humour and inanely happy ending. One cannot see this sort of thing as literature. The scene informs in no sense either character or incident; there is nothing of the feel of Canada in either. Hackneyed Galsworthian types transferred to a remote and indeterminate place. And they never die. Again the grandmother is the heroine of the book, though this time in reincarnation, as Adeline, the daughter of Renny, leaving a pleasant prospect of future Whiteoak harvests for Miss de la Roche to reap—for Adeline is only four years old. One would like to protest strongly against the present-day custom of keeping characters alive through artificial means. This is a plea to let them die. Because in some early book a character has come to life, why try and insure the success of the next book by flapping the poor thing's arms laboriously to the discomfort of the reader? See what has happened here. Renny has always had some life in him, but he doesn't revive until halfway through, because in the first chapters Miss de la Roche rests on her oars, uses no energy to characterize him, trusting to the reader's memory of how she once created a live man. The child Adeline is another such type in which character suffers from the same method of borrowing significance from an earlier characterization, her grandmother's. Proof of this is that she might as easily be six or eight or ten or four; there is no close analysis of the child mind, of the inevitable incompleteness of a four-year-old child—be she ever so like her grandmother. As to the ridiculous elder brothers, the sex-ridden Susan, the New England aunt, who suddenly at the end of the story shows signs of having attended lectures earlier in her life on psycho-analysis—they are parodies of other people's novels. But they are less convincing than Wakefield, the youth turned novice and then once more Whiteoak. And this from a woman who purports to write as a Canadian and on a Canadian scene, from one who has just been called by an English reviewer 'the most important novelist produced by the branch of the English-speaking nations to which she belongs.' This book is not worthy of such a reputation.

GLADYS DAVIS.

Sassoon's Progress

SHERSTON'S PROGRESS: Siegfried Sassoon; Faber-Ryerson; pp. 280; $2.00.

IN 1928, "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" placed Siegfried Sassoon in the front ranks of contemporary prose writers. This unpretentious semi-fictional story of fox hunting in England, published anonymously, immediately gained widespread praise, both from critics and the reading public. In 1930, Sassoon continued the story of George Sherston's War experiences in the "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," and now in "Sherston's Progress," as the title indicates, we find Sherston where the Infantry Officer left off, arriving at Slateford, a home for shell-shocked officers.

Sherston has just made his protest against the continuance of the War, and to avoid court-martial his friends

have managed to have him certified as shell-shocked and sent to Slateford War Hospital. It is here that Sassoon, or rather Sherston, comes under the supervision of Dr. Rivers, eminent psychiatrist, who is in command of the hospital. The character of Dr. Rivers, whose identity the author makes no effort to disguise, dominates the first part of Sherston's Progress and is felt throughout. Sassoon pays tremendous tribute to this well-known figure, whom he has already immortalized in verse.

During his months at Slateford, Sherston, with the aid of Rivers, works out his difficult position. The anti-war gesture that he has made is now a closed incident, and he soon realizes that, having voiced what he felt to be the opinion of his companions in France toward the War, his only hope of personal peace is to return to the War and to those men for whom his protest was made.

Having never been really shell-shocked, Sherston has no difficulty in being passed as fit for service, and once more he is reinstated an "an officer and a gentleman."

After an interlude in Ireland, where he has the opportunity to indulge in his favourite sport of fox hunting, he is sent to Egypt, and the narrative for the next four months takes the form of a diary, which to my mind is the most interesting part of the book. Its many descriptive passages will bring to mind the poems written by Sassoon during nineteen seventeen and eighteen.

Part four, entitled Last Experiences, finds Sherston back in France, where he finally receives a head wound and is invalided home, and here we leave him in hospital, with Dr. Rivers at his bedside.

With the same quality of pure prose that made the Fox-Hunting Man the classic that it is, and with the same descriptive qualities that makes the Infantry Officer one of the most significant chronicles of the War, "Sherston's Progress" holds that rare distinction of being a book long awaited which completely fulfills one's expectations. The whole trilogy is an important contribution to contemporary literature, a very human and moving story of an intensely courageous man, told with the clearness and skill that only a writer of Siegfried Sasson's ability can command.

HAZEL KENNEDY.

More Furies

THE SECRET JOURNEY: James Hanley; Chatto and Windus; Macmillan; pp. 569; $3.00.

CONTEMPORARY literature can offer no more authentic portrayal of working-class life than Mr. James Hanley's trilogy of the Fury family, of which this is the second volume. Readers of The Furys will remember the delicate pattern of family life which Mr. Hanley described with such scientific exactitude; those mysterious family links and antipathies which he brought out into the light of day as few writers have succeeded in doing; those passions of the disinherited which, as we read of them, became clear and real to us perhaps for the first time.

The Secret Journey is more than a worthy sequel to The Furys. In its startlingly clear understanding of the minds of groping, changing mankind it goes far beyond its predecessor. Here Hanley is sure; here the path of his work is determined. In a world too full of compromising novelists it is refreshing to come upon a piece of fiction so free from confusions as this. Not that Hanley points a way out. Far from it. He is starkly objective. Both criticism and conclusion he leaves to the reader. There is no fear that he might be misread. We have suspected all along that the Fury family was doomed. Now we see doom descending upon it. The movement is slow, there is so much in the life of the individual, there are so many facets to be taken into account. The Furys fight as they have always fought against a final, engulfing tragedy. But inevitably it overtakes them. They cannot live forever on thirty shillings a week. Mrs. Fury, proud, ambitious, knows this; and is tight in the clutches of a moneylender.

Their story is one of mean cares, of sudden illicit joys, of dying hopes, of extraordinary tenacity, of attempted escape, and of dim, unwilling realization that something is wrong with the world rather than with themselves.

The aspect of this novel which stands out most threatening and pitiful is the attitude of the family to money; the long, painful record of people forced to live below subsistence level, to whom money has become a ruling passion. For the sake of his few shillings a week, Mrs. Fury exerts a vice-like grip on her helpless, speechless father. For the same reason, Aunt Brigid Mangan spirits the old man away. Around the paralyzed body of this ancient is waged a timeless, desperate battle.

A comparison of Hanley's work with that of the great Russians is particularly apt. Just as the great Russians preceded a period of social change, mirroring the uncertainty, the gloom and the disintegration of individuals and families in that unhappy time, so does Hanley reflect the collapse of the old ways of life and the doubts of two economically tortured generations in twentieth-century England.

MARION DUTHIE.

Togetherness

CO-OP: A Novel of Living Together; Upton Sinclair; Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 426; $2.50.

THE myriad-coloured threads of a hundred lives—lives of sharecroppers, millionaires, schizophrenics, tired radicals, confused politicians, and solid, stupid workingmen—have been knotted into "Co-Op"—the story of the formation and development of a self-help exchange in San Sebastian, Cal. This co-operative, which barters labour for the means of production with the ideal of showing the unemployed how to employ themselves, is the basis of a powerful and persuasive argument for the author's EPIC plan, which inflamed the imagination of thousands of Californians in 1934. It is also used to attack, pungently and bitterly, relief organization in the United States, and the evils of bureaucracy in Washington.

But its main interest to Canadians, to whom co-operation has suddenly become fashionable, is that it is a lesson in the power of united effort. There is only one thing wrong with Mr. Sinclair's co-operative in practice; his co-operators co-operate. And the arguments with which the ham-handed, soft-eyed Danish contact-man vanquishes gentlemen at roll-top desks who write cheques in seven figures are a bit too slick, a bit too basically sound and clearly marshalled to ring quite true —even of a Danish co-operator.

Nevertheless this book is richly human, and its subtle characterization and dramatic power lift it far from the realm of propaganda. The author throws difficulties and hostilities in the path of his "Self-Help Exchange"; he contrives to meet most of the arguments against co-operation fairly and squarely; he even manages to throw

in one of the funniest love scenes of the year. And running through the entire book so delicately, yet so steadily that it is the strongest impression left, is the cord of conviction, determination and service which must bind every co-operative undertaking if it is not to fall to pieces.

HELEN MARSH.

Refugees and Rebels

CITIES OF REFUGE: Philip Gibbs; Ryerson; pp. 477; $2.50.

STRANGE COAST: Liam Pawle; Macmillan; pp. 284; $2.00.

IN Cities of Refuge, Philip Gibbs is again using the novel to interpret in terms of human lives the significance of political and social movements and events that to most people are merely affairs of headlines and vague generalities. It is a valuable task, and is performed with the patient, sympathetic, even-tempered fairness we have come to expect. He analyzes the recent state of Europe, showing it as it affects a family of Russian refugees, and the people with whom they come in contact. It is the work of a man of culture and humanity, and if neither the analysis nor the culture is remarkably profound, the tone of generous humanity is rare enough nowadays to deserve notice and gratitude. The man has a capacity more angelic than judicial, for understanding by feeling rather than intellect the impulses behind the most varied forms of social and political activity, of showing how men may justify to themselves courses of action that seem to others either criminal or incomprehensible.

The English is sober, clear and dignified, the characters varied and balanced, the material well arranged. Yet the result is rather a dramatization of states of mind than a presentation of convincing fictional characters. In fact, it is excellent reporting; but what you have at the end seems rather a series of interviews than a novel. The characters retain too much of the stubborn opacity of the actual world; they are meant to be fictional creations, yet they never quite attain that peculiarly assimilable reality that marks good fiction.

Strange Coast is one of those books in which people and places appear with names that neither are, nor are meant to be, an adequate disguise, so that one wonders why the author ever bothered with that affectation. It might be quite amusing in small circles in London that could claim to recognize various more or less prominent people in these disguises; without the personal references much of the fun disappears. It is the story of an unsuccessful rebellion in a border state of Asiatic Russia, fomented by soldiers of fortune, instigated and abandoned by an international metal trust. The interest is about equally divided between (a) the effects of the rebellion on those whom it immediately concerned; (b) its effects on a wealthy banker's romantic wife, and (c) a satirical picture of certain types in London society. There isn't quite enough interest to go round.

L. A. MacKAY.

Murder

THE KIDNAP MURDER CASE: S. S. Van Dine; Scribners; pp. 316; $2.00.

THE TANGLED MIRACLE: Huxley Herne; Nelson; pp. 300; $2.00.

A DETECTIVE story by Mr. Van Dine is always good entertainment, and this one is no exception. But the plot does not seem to be as carefully worked out as usual, for the clue that leads to conviction is somewhat gratuitously put into the hands of the prosecution. Let me here confess that I enjoy the Vance stories not because of Philo Vance but in spite of him. In fact, I am thoroughly tired of that pedantic gentleman of unusual knowledges and clipped speech, and I should be overjoyed to hear that Van Dine is writing a tale entitled, "The Murder of Philo Vance." The culprit would no doubt be District Attorney Markham, but I hope he would be acquitted on the grounds of excessive provocation. That story would set a noble example to other detective writers, for Vance is by no means the only familiar sleuth who has lived too long.

Very different is The Tangled Miracle, where the claim of an original setting is quite justified. It is the story of the leader of a new Assumptionist cult. Preparations are made by the faithful for her being received into heaven, and she duly disappears—on the day before. The question then is: Will they find the body? The plot is well worked out, the secret well kept (from me at any rate), and there is a good deal of entertainment on the way, as we follow the reactions of the various directors of the cult, who are all as different as they should be, and highly suspicious characters, most of them, not to mention the lady's family and others. This is a good yarn that should be generally enjoyed. Incidentally, it was written, as well as published, in Toronto.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Horses

WAR PAINT—AN INDIAN PONY: Paul Brown; Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. 97; $2.00.

AN encounter with a prairie wolf on the first page—a triumphal return from battle on the last—adventure, suspense, danger, on every page between! Fire, flood, cold, hunger, the puma, Black Grizzly, ravenous wolves, and capture by Indians fall to the lot of this prairie pony; and, later, with his Indian master, horse-stealing raids, buffalo hunts and war with the dread Comanches. The narrative is direct, vivid and very brief; and every incident is made still more vivid by Paul Brown's spirited drawings of animals and Indians—one, two or three to a page. This picture book will make a splendid gift for the six-to-nine-year-old who craves tales of action, and who is not daunted by the pitiless ferocity of life in the wilds.

R. M. U.

SCORPION: A GOOD BAD HORSE: Will James; Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. 312; $2.50.

AT least two books by this writer, Smoky and Lone Cowboy, are minor classics in modern American literature. Scorpion may be another. At any rate it seems to have those ingredients which won such critical admiration for the other two. The manner of telling is simple and idiomatic and has all the charm of intelligence uncomplicated by metropolitan civilization. And of course, as always, Will James treats his protagonist, a horse, with genuine respect, with understanding and without forgetting that he is a horse.

Scorpion earned his name by the splenetic determination with which he tried to kill the first cowboy who roped and secured him off the range. And he continued this single-minded pursuit with his next owner, Tim, an outlaw. Time and again Tim is tossed, thrown, trampled, dragged

and rolled by this deep chestnut sorrel; yet out of this chaotic conduct a pattern arises. For each time that Tim suffered defeat at the hooves of Scorpion it proved to be to his best advantage; as though Scorpion would do nothing to help Tim pursue the right path but would use all the power of his rearing and plunging muscles to prevent him from taking the wrong one. A cheerful romance accompanies the story, in the happy conclusion of which the perverse and spirited Scorpion plays his boisterous part. As in Smoky and his other books Will James has done the illustrations himself and their vigorous simplicity fully complements the prose. E. GODFREY.

This and That

THE DISCUSSION OF HUMAN AFFAIRS: Charles A. Beard; Macmillan; pp. 124; $1.75.

THE subtitle of this little book calls it "An Inquiry into the Nature of Statements, Allegations, Claims, Heats, Tempers, Distempers, Dogmas and Contentions Which Appear When Human Affairs Are Discussed and into the Possibility of Putting Some Rhyme and Reason into Processes of Discussion." Charles A. Beard, as readers of his recent books will be aware, has been greatly interested in what the Germans call Die Crisis des Historismus. Here he attempts to expound for American non-technical readers the results of the discussion which has been going on (chiefly in Europe) for the last generation as to what it is that the historian does when he writes history. He examines the various claims that have been made for history as a science and disposes of them, with some shrewd thrusts at the historian's colleague, the economist. He analyzes the main types of philosophy of history to which historians have given allegiance. And he ends by inquiring what service historical study can render to discussions of human affairs. I cannot profess to understand his final conclusion. But at least he does not claim for the historian that intimate understanding of the mind of God which seems to be possessed by the eminent mathematicians and physicists "who have hitherto largely monopolized the super-reflections of the Anglo-Saxon world."

F. H. U.

MILITARISM IN JAPAN: Kenneth W. Colegrove; World Peace Foundation; pp. 78; 75c.

THIS useful pamphlet should help the general reader to a clearer understanding of Japanese politics. It explains the power of Emperor-worship, the deep-rooted military tradition (by no means a western accretion), and the independence of the army and navy commands from all political supervision, resulting in a complete divorce between the government and the army, except in so far as both are united in the person of the emperor. In his explanation of recent political events, however, the author would have been better advised to follow a more strictly chronological order of exposition. Also, if he had shortened his catalogue of fascist societies and reduced the reference notes considerably, he might have had room for some consideration of economic factors, which are almost completely ignored.

G. M. A. G.

THE GATHERING FINANCIAL CRISIS IN CANADA: Stephen Leacock, Toronto; Macmillan; pp. 24; 50c.

THIS reprint is an endeavour to give further publicity to a series of three newspaper articles written at the request of the London Morning Post. The well-known difficulties of Canadian public finance (cf.—Canadian Forum, March, 1933, and July and November, 1934) are described in a rhetorical and at times lurid style. Inconsistencies so common among eastern business men and investors, such as condemnation of the railway building policy in juxtaposition with prophecies that the resulting development of the north is our salvation, are common. Hardly a contribution to the subject, but obviously an argument to which certain organizations will give generous support.

D. C. M.

HYDRAULIC AND ROAD QUESTIONS IN CHINA: League of Nations; pp. 213; $1.75.

THIS report, by a committee of experts appointed by the League at the request of the Chinese Government, deals with the roads and waterways of China, covering such questions as conservancy, flood prevention, irrigation, and the construction and improvement of roads. It is so competently prepared that one wonders if Canada might not advantageously submit some of her problems to a similar examination.

WHITE BANNERS: Lloyd C. Douglas; Thomas Allen; pp. 400; $2.50.

IT is said that Hall Caine reported on Marie Corelli's first novel: "This book is ineffably silly, but it is silly in the way so many people are silly that its publication might be a great success." So with this novel, which is Mr. Douglas' fifth. Presumably they are of the same kind, and presumably he has his public. Not without reason: a heavy sentimentality, a religious outlook composed in equal parts of early Etruscan, Oxford Group and desocialized pacifism, an astonishing capacity for the commonplace and, withal, the ability to make his characters live with the same persistent and irritating vitality as one's less interesting acquaintances. For his characters are real, confound them—and completely impervious to the major problems of the world they live in.

G. M. A. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Notice in this column does not preclude review in a future issue.)

THE ETHICS OF COMPETITION, and Other Essays: Frank H. Knight; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 363; $3.75.

MAURYAN PUBLIC FINANCE: H. M. Gopal; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 237; $3.75.

SOCIALISM: Ludvig von Mises; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 528; $5.50.

HOW IS THE EMPIRE?: Percy Roe; Pitman; pp. 285; $1.75.

THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE: Gottfried von Haberler; William Hodge; pp. 408; 21/.

COLLECTIVE SECURITY; edited by Maurice Bourquin: International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, Paris; pp. 514; $4.00.

ECONOMISTS AND THE PUBLIC: W. H. Hutt; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 377; $4.50.

THE GLITTERING CENTURY: Phillips Russell; Scribners; pp. 326; $3.50.

OUR FREEDOM AND ITS RESULTS, by five women

(Eleanor Rathbone and others); Hogarth-Longmans; pp. 285; $3.00.

INHIBITIONS, SYMPTOMS AND ANXIETY: Sigmund Freud; Hogarth-Longmans; pp. 179; $2.00.

YOU AND THE UNIVERSE, Modern Physics for Everybody; Paul Karlson; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 325; $3.75.

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION: H. G. Wells; Macmillan; pp. 217; $2.00.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH: Samuel Butler; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 381; $3.00.

POOL AND RAPID: R. L. Haig-Brown; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 239; $2.50.

THE MIGHT HAVE BEENS: Anne Capelle; Ryerson; $2.00.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (a play): W. Eric Harris; Samuel French; pp. 32; 35c.

THE FUTURE OF POETRY: Dallas Kenmare; Norgate-Nelson; pp. 89; $1.00.

DANGER IN THE DARK: Mignon A. Eberhart; Doubleday Doran; pp. 307; $2.25.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,
Canadian Forum.

Dear Sir,—Your readers will, I think, be interested to learn of a scheme whereby contemporary painting and sculpture may not only be purchased outright or by installments, but may be rented by the month.

Few of us can afford to buy those pictures that we like and want, and discard those that do no more than fill up an otherwise blank-looking space. We tend either to resign ancestors to blank walls, stop gaps, and reproductions with only just an occasional picture that consistently draws from us any emotional or even critical response. Even when we feel very tempted to buy a painting, we are often held back by not being sure of its quality, since we have no means of testing that quality under the conditions of ordinary purchase. All this means that, with the limited resources of most of us, our pictures remain static for very long periods.

The Picture Loan Society is attempting to remove these obstacles by offering pictures and sculpture for hire at two per cent per month of the value of the work. If a picture is eventually purchased after rental, the rental outlay is deducted from the purchase price, or the picture may be bought in installments of ten per cent. per month of its value, or it may simply be returned and changed. The Picture Loan Society has its headquarters at 3 Charles Street West, where contemporary paintings and sculpture may be seen daily from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m., all of which may be rented by members who subscribe to the Society two dollars annually. The Society is non-profitmaking; it exists because it believes it can be of service to both artists and public.

We sometimes buy music and sometimes buy books, but we further enlarge our experience from circulating sources. Why should we not be able to do the same with pictures, which feed an equally important part of our emotional and spiritual make-up?

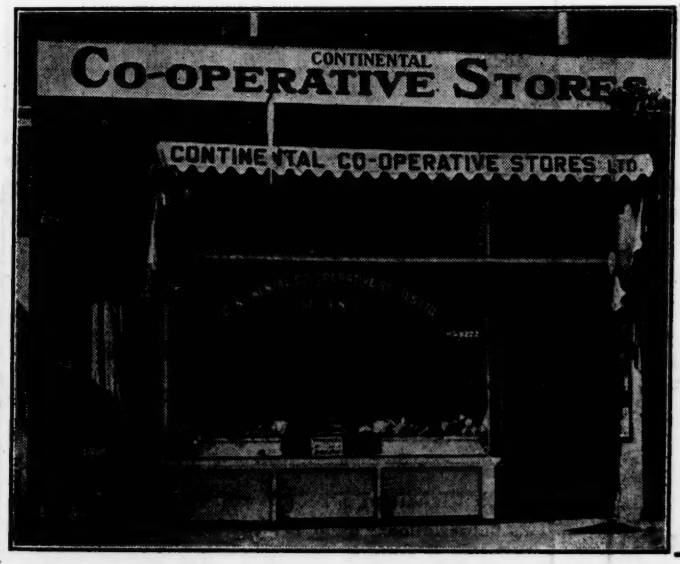
If any of your readers should require further information about the Picture Loan Society, the Secretary will be very glad to supply it.

Toronto. H. GARNARD KETTLE.

The Canadian Forum:

Sir,—I was much interested in John Fairfax's article, "Canadian Churches and the Last War". It is hard for a young Canadian like myself, not old enough in 1914-18 to be aware of what was going on, to realize what part the Church played at that time. I have heard some ministers of the gospel since then proclaim their belief in the futility and horror of war. I wonder what the ministers quoted in Mr. Fairfax's article (those who are still living and preaching in Canada) would have to say today? Would they still defend, on Christian principles, Canada's participation in a war for which British and European muddle-headedness and worse were responsible? Would they be as confident, under like circumstances, that we we so undoubtedly "right"? Do they still believe that Canada was in fact fighting for the things she was made to think she was fighting for? Have they got any nearer to a perception of the real economic basis of war, and the implications which obligate them to work for a new social order? I should like to hear some of them speak out.

YOUNG CANADIAN.



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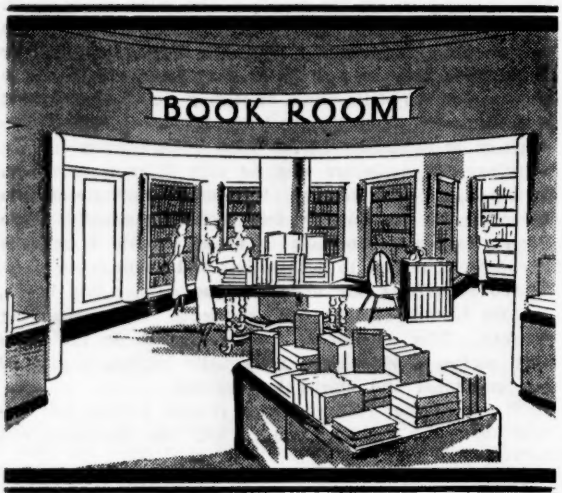

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